NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

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Vol. VII. | E. F. Beadle, William Adams, David Adams, } PUBLISHERS. | NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1876. | TERMS IN ADVANCE { One copy, four months, $1.00. One copy, one year, . . . 3.00. Two copies, one year, . . 5.00. | No. 352

THE VOICE IN THE PINE TREE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

The twilight falls on the ocean,
  Solemn, and still, and gray,
And she sits by her window's casement
  And looks out over the bay.
And a moaning voice in the pine tree
  Close to her door she hears,
And it tells of a shipwrecked vessel,
  And its voice is low with tears.

"Bring my sailor back to me,"
Sings she softly to the sea,
While the tide upon the shore
Moans forever, evermore.

"Wind of the summer twilight,"
  Softly and low she sings,
"A message to him I dream of
  Bear on your tireless wings.
Tell him I wait his coming
  Here on the shores of home,
While the pine and the sea are moaning
  For those who will never come.

"Sweet west wind, fly fast and far
With my message," whispered she.
While the trembling vesper star
Sees a dead face in the sea.

The tides of a thousand summers
  Will rise on the moaning bar,
And the sea will tell to the pine tree
  Of wrecks on the rocks afar.
She will wait for many a sunset,
  But he will come back no more
From the wreck the pine tree tells of,
  As it whispers to the shore.

"Sweet west wind," low singeth she,
"Bear my sailor back to me."
But the tide moans on the shore,
"Nevermore, oh, nevermore!"

The Hunted Bride;

OR,

WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

She could not remove her gaze, fixed by his, burning, melting into her inmost being--

CHAPTER IV.

BRANTHOPE VILLA.

THE sole occupants of Branthope Villa, besides the servants, were old Uncle Peter Maxwell, and his niece Margaret. The place was such a one as may be often found in the Eastern States, and lay along the banks of the Connecticut river, not a hundred miles from New York. Originally, the house had been only a large old-fashioned stone dwelling; but when Uncle Peter took it in hand, he transformed the structure into a wing, added the main part, two good stories in hight, with a large hall and picturesque roof and tower, and dubbed what had been the plain farm-house of the family, Branthope Villa, at first to the great mirth and contempt of the country people, who were not used to hearing their dwellings called mansions and villas. But as the ivy grew over the tower, and the roses clambered to the dormer-windows, and all the city people, who in summer thronged their lovely valley, talked of and admired Branthope Villa, they gradually ceased to ridicule, and in turn grew proud of their neighbor.

Peter Maxwell was, like so many other adopted Americans, of English birth. His parents had belonged to a branch of the aristocracy, his mother having been a Branthope, but this twig of the Maxwell tree having become too impoverished, his fortunes not matching with his pride, he brought his little orphan sister to America, bought a farm in the Connecticut valley, and strove to make himself at home in his adopted country. But his life was one of disappointment and deprivation; his beautiful sister, against his will, married a poor, plain young farmer, and entered upon all the hardships of such a life. He remained alone in the old stone house, never once entrapped by the pretty and intelligent girls who gave him bright glances in church and on the road—girls who could make butter and read Latin, milk the cows and translate Telemachus, ride on horseback and sing in "meeting"—girls a thousand times too sensible and handsome and good for the crabbed old bachelor, growing yearly more sour and withered.

His farm deteriorated instead of improving; he had no means of lightening the cares and labors of the sister whom he still loved and pitied, though he never did anything but quarrel with her; the neighbors began to call him old Uncle Peter; and his life seemed to fall into ruin, like his fences and farm and buildings—when, one day, he had a letter from a London attorney, which caused him to place a tenant on the farm, and to sail for England by the next steamer. He was gone two years, during which rumor proclaimed to his friends on this side, that he had come into possession of a large amount of money willed to him by an uncle who had come home from the East to die.

For once, rumor was founded upon truth. Peter Maxwell returned with a considerable inheritance, though not half what it was reported to be; but the evil genius of his life again met him as he set foot on our shores, with the news of his sister's death, to lighten whose heavy burdens had been the chief object in his hurrying back.

Yes, Margaret, the beautiful Margaret, was dead—a crushed and faded flower, who could not long endure her wintry life. Her eldest child, a boy, had been drowned, while skating, the previous winter; and her only other child, a daughter, four years of age, was alone left to perpetuate her mother's name and beauty. To this second Margaret, Peter Maxwell turned with a sort of passion of love—the hoarded fondness of half a life—at once taking her in place of the sister he had lost, and seeming to see in her childish beauty and pretty ways, the little one live again, of whom he had been so tender when she was a little orphan girl like this. But he did not like her father, nor the family to which she was taken by him; and he made it a condition of his adopting her as his heir, that she should assume his name, and that he should have the entire guardianship. Her father, knowing that her uncle could promise her a brighter career than he, and already on the point of marrying again, willingly consented; little Maggie Dyer became Margaret Branthope Maxwell, adopted daughter of Peter Maxwell; and as soon as Branthope Villa was ready for her reception, the child came to her new home, to reign queen of everything there, including Uncle Peter's heart.

Mr. Maxwell was not so blind to the virtues of New England women that he could not see the advantage of having one for a housekeeper; his judgment was never more triumphant than in the selection of the neat, intelligent, and competent widow whom he elected to manage his domestic affairs, and to look after the bodily welfare of tiny Miss Margaret. Soon a governess was added to the *menage;* a grand piano came out to the villa; the little fairy in white frocks and pink sashes, who ruled there, was popularly credited with an unlimited command of foreign tongues, and every accomplishment required to fit her for the most polished society. Probably it was the dream of Uncle Peter's life to take her to England when she was of a suitable age, and marry her to some titled gentleman, worthy of the honor of being married to a Branthope Maxwell. Meanwhile he could not lose her from his sight a single day. When free from the restriction of study hours, she was always by his side, walking, riding, driving, or perched on his knee, as they sat, in summer, on the vine-shadowed piazza. He had abundance of reason to be proud of her. Her beauty attracted the most careless eye; and, while ardently, passionately attached to her dear father (as she always called him), there was just enough of his own pride in her character to prevent her too easily forming friendships. Her large black eyes, while they melted with love as they beamed upon him, would flash resentment at the too familiar approach of those less favored. She was a brunette, with the mingled fire and ice of that type. Indeed, her uncle, who had the genealogy of the family at his finger-ends, perceived in her a startling resemblance to the portrait of his grandmother, a Burmese lady of fabulous wealth and beauty, whom his grandfather had married in her native land. His own mother had been fair, short, and mildly pretty. Margaret promised to be tall, dark, and brilliant. The red veins in her cheeks showed through the brown but delicate skin; her hair, long, heavy, and shining, was perfectly straight.

A miser never gloated over his gold more enraptured than this otherwise solitary man used to dwell upon the perfections of the child whom he had made his own.

When Margaret was about fourteen, an unexpected visitor arrived at Branthope Villa—a young gentleman, just of age, who had forsaken his poor relations in England, and came over the seas to fasten himself on his prosperous uncle, like a parasite, as he was. Peter Maxwell was no nearer than great-uncle to him, and Margaret was his third or fourth cousin, but his name was John Branthope Maxwell, and this alone was a stout claim upon the old man. He had no desire to turn away one who bore this name, and made the youth warmly welcome; but Uncle Peter was shrewd, a sharp observer of character, and soon decided that young Branthope (as they called him) lacked in industry, energy, and some good purpose in living, even if not ab solutely lacking in principle. He quietly relinquished the plan which he had secretly formed of uniting the two children in marriage, when Margaret should be old enough, and set his wits to work to prevent, instead of making, such a match.

Margaret, just at the most romantic period of life—when slipping out of childhood into girlhood—and totally unfitted to judge of her cousin by comparison with others, never having seen any society except that of her native place—was very deeply impressed with the graces and gallantries of one who had made it his study to please her. For Branthope, too, was observing, and judged, by the almost idolatrous fondness of the old man for his protege, that to conquer her was to conquer him. His task was not a difficult one, so far as fascinating the inexperienced girl went; he had not been three months at the villa before the red would spring to her cheek and the light to her eye at his most careless smile or word. But the effect upon Uncle Peter was not what he had desired. There may have been a twinge of jealousy in the disapproval with which her guardian marked these signs. At all events, there was sufficient reason in the character of the young man himself, why he should break up an intimacy which might be regretted when too late. It was but fair to the child to give her an opportunity of knowing the world, and her own heart, before she entangled herself with the first young gentleman thrown in her way.

Uncle Peter's decision was soon made. He sent Branthope to the city to study law, with a liberal allowance for every expense necessary to a young man in his station; and with Margaret and her governess started on a trip to the Old World. After more than a year spent in Italy and France, the little party returned; the governess, no longer required, was found another home, and Margaret, still not much more than a child, but very womanly for her age, took her place as mistress of Branthope Villa—a position not hard to fill, seeing that all the real duties devolved upon the faithful housekeeper.

The travelers called upon Branthope in New York, and brought him home with them to spend the summer holiday. The most careful inquiries of Uncle Peter resulted in nothing to his nephew's disadvantage; he had been tolerably studious, and though gay, and a trifle extravagant, had no bad habits. Therefore he was made more fully at home than he had been on his former visit. The old man almost repented of the resolution he had made, to prevent an alliance between the two. "Blood is stronger than water;" and this young fellow, so handsome, high-spirited, and fond of the good things of life, was his own kin and bore the family name. It was unreasonable to turn the cold shoulder to him, who had no positive faults, except that he was not as careful of his word as Peter, proud and honorable, had always been of his. Peter's word, in all the country about, was as good as his bond—but young Branthope's stories and promises were always taken with a reservation. So quickly does the difference make itself felt in the innate integrity of character.

Still, as we have said, there were no bad habits to be charged to Branthope; his gayety and desire for constant amusement made him all the more a favorite in that quiet country neighborhood into whose stillness he flashed like a gold-fish into a trout-brook.

When he returned to the city, after his six weeks' vacation, he had told Margaret that he loved her, and had won a similar confession from her.

"But do not say anything about it to Uncle Peter, just yet, sweet Margaret. You are so very young, and I not yet admitted to practice. I am afraid he will think we have been rash. Keep our dear secret until I see you again," and she, too shy to own willingly even to him how she adored him, was glad not to have to open this sacred page of her experience to her adopted father.

At Christmas-time there was a hurried visit from Branthope, and Margaret wept and wept, after he went away, until her guardian could not but notice the paleness of her cheeks and the sadness of her voice—Branthope had appeared so indifferent, and had never once alluded to their engagement, but talked incessantly about the brilliant society into which he was going, and how much a young man's future depended upon his beginning the world aright; *i. e.*, obtaining a footing in fashionable circles and spending more money than belonged to him to maintain it.

His principal errand appeared to have been to beg his uncle for a more liberal allowance, which was refused until the young man was obliged to confess to some debts, when his uncle, deeply annoyed, gave him the money to pay them, but warned him about presuming too far on his generosity.

Now that Branthope had said nothing of the understanding between them, and that her guardian was so incensed against his extravagance, the young lady could not confide her unhappiness to her dearest and truest friend.

Young and confiding as she was, Margaret yet had a great deal of strength of character, and could detect and despise the weakness of the man from whom still she could not tear her affections. She saw that his name and connections, and the freedom with which he spent money, had secured him the flattering attentions of those whom he was inclined to set before her—though, certainly, Margaret Maxwell could have held her own against all the beauties of New York combined.

If, at that time, she had enjoyed other society suitable to her years, she might have conquered her love for Branthope, and made it a thing of the past—one of those fleeting fancies to which very young and enthusiastic girls are given.

But in the loneliness of her life at Branthope Villa, he filled her thoughts and imagination; the more indifferent he became, the more deeply she suffered. All winter she brooded over his neglect, while her pale cheeks and the absence of that bright, ærial gayety which had been so charming in her, pained her fond uncle's heart.

In the spring, a long-slumbering disease awoke to fatal activity in the frame of Peter Maxwell. His physicians gave but little hope of prolonging his life beyond a couple of years, and this short lease was only to be obtained by a change of climate. When Branthope received, by letter from Margaret, the bad news, he hastened home to express his sympathy and to offer to resign the practice upon which he had just entered, and attend upon the invalid during a protracted sojourn in a southern island.

The warmth, the filial tenderness with which the offer was made, touched Uncle Peter sensibly; but he had grown wily with increasing years, and could not but suspect that a large part of this show of affection was owing to the hope and desire of his speedy death, and the expectation that the nephew would be co-heir with Margaret, to his estates. He declined the proffered service, saying that, as he should be obliged to keep a hired nurse, his dear daughter would be all the company he should require.

Young Branthope knew well that there was danger of his uncle's dying while away, in which case he was not certain how he should stand with regard to his property, as he had never been promised any portion of it. The expectation of ingratiating himself with his rich relative had induced him to offer, much against his taste, to be his *compagnon du voyage*; this offer being declined, he saw that he had been rash in so soon slighting Margaret.

During the interval which elapsed before uncle and niece sailed for Cuba, he devoted himself to both, with an ardor which resulted in the one's leaving him a most generous present, and the other's forgiving him the past and allowing him to kiss her lips and clasp her hand on that last night at home, as her affianced husband.

Brightly the moonlight shone in the tower-window, whither the two had gone to whisper the last sweet but bitter farewell. Margaret never forgot that hour. And Branthope never afterward saw a more beautiful face than the young, impassioned one, with its dark eyes drinking in the moonlight, its soft, trembling mouth and forehead pale as pearl in that radiant night. But there are other things which some men worship more than beauty—more than beauty, love, and innocence. *Worldly success* is the idol of most—and to the vain, ambitious aspirations of Branthope Maxwell, no other shrine was half so devoutly attended, half so worthy of sacrifice.

CHAPTER V.

A FELLOW-PASSENGER.

AND now begins one of the strangest of chapters yet written in the history of a young girl's life.

After a sojourn of a little over a year in Cuba, old Uncle Peter grew very homesick, declaring that, as he had to die, whether or no, he preferred to die in his own house; besides, he had a presentiment that both himself and Margaret would be swept off by the yellow fever, if they remained again through the sickly season; so his niece wrote to the housekeeper to have the villa prepared for their return. Margaret herself was half wild with joy at her uncle's decision, for she had been lonely in that strange country, despite the attentions which money brought them; and she longed, oh, how earnestly! to see Branthope—to hear him say, "I love you!"—which was so much sweeter than to read it on the written page. Her devotion to the invalid had prevented her ever betraying her desire to go home, and she would still have urged him to remain where he was, had she not been sensible that this warm climate was really of no benefit to him.

During all of their delightful voyage over the blue and sunny ocean, in the calm summer weather, she anticipated the moment when she should place her foot on the dock, and meet the glance and touch the hand of Branthope. This thought brought the rose to her face, and kept her so smiling and bright, as she sat patiently on deck by the sick man's side, that the passengers could do little but watch and admire the American girl; and she had a hundred lovers among the men, women and children of the ship, long before it steamed into New York bay.

Among these passengers was a man whose nationality it would be difficult to decide at once. He spoke the Spanish and English equally well; appeared to have plenty of money; was showily but elegantly dressed, his velvet vest and cap giving something of a foreign air to his attire; the money which he spent was all Spanish gold; and it was generally understood on board that, if not a gambler by profession, he was greatly addicted to cards as an amusement.

This person, whose name she had even never heard, made himself very annoying to Margaret Maxwell, by the persistence with which, during those pleasant hours when it was indispensable to her uncle's health that he should be on deck, he also placed himself near and passed the time in staring at her. There was nothing disrespectful in his glance, nothing of which she could complain to the officers of the vessel; it just seemed as if the man was fascinated, and looked when he knew that he ought not, because the attraction was irresistible. As soon as he met the young lady's eye, he would drop his own, or affect to be gazing off on the water, but she *felt* his burning gaze return to her face the moment she ceased to notice him.

This would not have been so disagreeable—being, as it was, the spontaneous evidence of his admiration for her youth and beauty, and graceful devotion to her invalid relative—had the stranger himself made a less unpleasant impression upon her. As it was, she felt as if she had nearly as soon have fascinated one of the poisonous serpents of the South, the consciousness that he was near causing a cold thrill of repulsion to run through her veins. This was the only accompaniment of the voyage not entirely delightful; and as she never heard the stranger's name, nor exchanged words with him, it was singular that she should feel impressed with a painful expectation that she should meet and know him in the future. Yet she did feel such a presentiment. It was as if he held some power over her to make her unhappy—a feeling for which there seemed not the slightest foundation. For how could he, this unknown foreigner, moving in a different sphere of life from hers, ever injure *her?*

It was remarked by shrewd observers that this particular passenger, of whom they felt a certain distrust, kept himself quietly in his state-room at the approach of the steamer to her dock, and that he had changed his rich attire, in which he seemed to take pride, in spite of the warm weather, for a more suitable costume of linen, with a Panama hat.

"Afraid of the detectives," remarked one to another, with a smile.

Margaret Maxwell thought little of him after the ship entered the bay; her soul was concentrated on the one thought that she was so soon to meet her lover, after this long absence. And when the great steamer approached the dock, the eager passengers crowding the deck, her flashing glance sought out his form amid the impatient throng awaiting friends; and when—gayer, more graceful, handsomer than ever—he sprung lightly upon a projecting timber, and waved his handkerchief, and the young girl, smiling and blushing, returned the signal, the whole ship's company seemed to comprehend the happy situation, and burst out in a loud cheer, significant of sympathy with two lovers apparently so well mated. It was one of those moments of enthusiasm when the emotions of a single individual become universal, through sympathy; and glad tears ran down Margaret's beautiful face, and she felt not the least embarrassed as the friendly strangers about her fluttered their handkerchiefs, and shouted with delight.

Such an auspicious welcome home ought to have insured a happy future; but a little rottenness in the heart of one of its pillars, sometimes makes the fairest of structures to fall into ruins, and Branthope Maxwell was not sound at heart.

That evening, as he and Margaret sat side by side in the private parlor of the hotel where the Maxwells were to stop for a day before proceeding homeward, and the old man dozed in his easy-chair, waiting for bedtime, a sadness fell upon her, for which she could hardly account. She missed something which she had expected—Branthope was attentive, gallant, tried to be playfully tender; but she felt, through all, that his actions were constrained, his tenderness affected, to please her.

"Branthope," she said, taking his face between her two soft hands, and looking full into his eyes, which wavered under her soul-look, "you do not love me! Oh, tell me so at once! It is better than this acting a part which, sooner or later, must come to an end, like a scene in a play. I shall not blame you. You have met some other girl whom you love. Is it not so? Yes, I feel it, without your saying one word."

"No, no, cousin, I don't love any one better than you! There is not another woman living as beautiful—in my eyes. I knew you had a fiery temperament, my sweet Madge, but I did not suppose you could be so jealous."

"Indeed, I am not jealous, Branthope. You do not understand me. I only *feel* that you do not love me as—as I love you. There is something in your voice, your looks, which betrays indifference. I can not bear it. I would rather you would tell me at once."

"Did I not say you were jealous?—those bright eyes are sharper than I thought. Perhaps it *is* only cousinly affection which we feel for each other. We are both so young, and fell in

love when we were so romantic—it is not impossible we have mistaken our own feelings. What then, cousin?"

"'It is never too late to mend,' says the proverb." The young lady laughed lightly, as if it were the pleasantest kind of wisdom; her pride was up in arms, and since Branthope said "*we* have made a mistake," she was eager to let it go so.

"But mind you, Madge, I don't think it—at least, I'm not certain of it. I am not only willing, but anxious, that our relations should remain undisturbed. Unless I am mistaken, Margaret, it will not be long before you will need another protector. Uncle Peter is not many months or weeks for this world. *Then*, dearest, you will be able to prove whether I love you or not. Why, darling cousin, if I didn't love you the least bit, I should be willing to marry you in order that I might have the privilege of caring for you in your desolate state. Don't think I'm so heartless as to desert you under such circumstances."

This was a curious kind of lover's talk; the young girl shrunk more and more away from one who wounded her the most deeply, when trying to be most soothing; the allusion to her adopted father's danger made her shudder, only the fear of disturbing his rest enabled her to keep back her sobs.

"I want you to intercede for me with the old man," went on Branthope, coaxingly, possessing himself of her hand, and looking into her eyes with that smile which it was so hard for her to resist. "I am in debt a little; and he must give me the means of squaring my accounts. If there is any thing I hate and detest, it's the consciousness of being in debt"—looking virtuous indignation at the bare idea.

"Then why did you get in so unpleasant a predicament?"

"I declare, Madge, you can be as sharp as Uncle Peter himself, whom everybody knows to be too close with me. He's proud as Lucifer, and so am I—blessed with the real Branthope pride; and he turns me into the best society of a gay, expensive city, upon an allowance only fit for a school-boy. Of course, thus far, I have not made much out of my profession. It takes years for a young lawyer to get into a profitable practice. I'm a favorite with the young ladies, and their papas and mammas, too. I must keep up appearances. There is nothing wrong about that; Uncle Peter himself can not accuse me of a bad habit. But I have had to borrow money; and now uncle has returned, those fellows will pester me for their amounts. It's only a little over two thousand dollars in all—gone for flowers, kid gloves, carriages, opera tickets, and trifles generally. He allowed me twenty-five hundred, besides what I might make in my profession; but no young man can live upon that in the city. Uncle measures my expenses by his own on a farm, when he was young. Times have changed since then."

"I am afraid the income from all his estates will hardly support you, without taking a wife into the question. Father is not so very wealthy, and his sickness entails heavy expenses. I don't think his estates will amount to over a hundred thousand dollars, including Branthope Villa."

"Is that so?" repeated the young man, much vexed. "Why, Madge, that's only a mean fifty thousand apiece for us! I thought it at least twice that."

"Since the estate will not have to be divided," began Margaret, and then she paused and blushed—she had been about to say, "it can be managed to the best advantage;" but she already felt so dubious about her marriage to this selfish lover, that she could not refer to the subject, and left the thought unexpressed.

Branthope appeared a little cross after that. He was evidently greatly disappointed in his uncle's fortune; he regarded himself as a deceived and unfortunate young fellow, and his betrothed could not but perceive something of this.

She did not forget that he had come to this country to hang upon his uncle's bounty; and that he should have been grateful for assistance received and promised; *she*, in the depths of her loving heart, treasured every kind deed her guardian did in her behalf, and would have clung to him and tended him—worked for him and supported him—had he not possessed a dollar.

With grief, and a little shadow creeping over the great sun of her love, she perceived her cousin's faults; still she did love him none the less passionately that she was aware of his failings. She sat silently in her corner of the sofa, inventing excuses for him, and wondering if her "father" would be very much displeased if she should tell him how much Branthope needed money.

"Don't disturb poor Uncle Peter by speaking of the money until he is home, and well rested from his journey. It will be time enough then. And forgive me for making you my special pleader; you are more eloquent than I; no one can withstand *your* arguments, beautiful Madge—certainly not Uncle Peter. And now I will steal away, so that he may be at liberty to go to rest. Good-night, sweet, sweetest cousin."

"He is not entirely selfish," murmured Margaret, when he was gone. "He is very considerate of my dear father, after all. Oh, I wish he was a little more practical. Yet, if he were cool, and prudent, and sedate, he would not be Branthope—my Branthope—brilliant, and idle, and unreflecting—but not bad! His gay disposition makes him so much of a favorite that he has more temptations to spend money than others have. In a few years he will be wiser," etc., etc.—her thoughts running fondly on, until Uncle Peter opened his eyes, and asked her to call his servant to put him to bed.

The next morning, descending slowly the broad staircase of the hotel, suiting her movements to those of Uncle Peter, who hobbled down, assisted by his servant and nephew, Margaret was somewhat startled by encountering again those detested eyes of the stranger who had watched her through the voyage. He stood against the wall, to allow them to pass, with so much politeness, that she could but acknowledge it with a slight bow; Uncle Peter bowed, too, and spoke out heartily:

"Good-morning, fellow-traveler."

"Who was it?" asked her cousin, when they were in the carriage, and on their way to the railway station.

"A passenger on our steamer; I did not learn his name," answered Margaret, and thought no more about it.

But the stranger did not soon forget. Already in possession of the names and residence of the little family, he made up his mind to ingratiate himself into the acquaintance, possibly friendship, of the young gentleman, whom he learned, upon further inquiry, was a resident of the city, and an inmate of a fashionable boarding-house. To engage a room in this same house was the first step which he took in the direction of his wishes. To know the young man would perhaps be the means, some time, of introducing him to the young man's cousin.

Why did he wish to become acquainted with Margaret Maxwell? Because she was the most beautiful woman he ever had beheld, and he was like one infatuated, intoxicated, under the lustrous glow of her dark eyes. Perhaps he thought that money alone—of which he had, at present, abundance—would enable him to cultivate the friendship of those with whom his manners or education did not fit him to associate. Money is power. Money

"Rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And earth below, and—"

not "heaven above," certainly, but every other imaginable spot in the known universe; so that this man was not too aspiring in supposing that his wealth gave him a certain assurance of success in whatever he might undertake.

Ay! it was not impossible that the hand of this young, guileless woman might yet be sold to him.

Hands as fair and hearts as girlish have been purchased, are, and ever will be purchased, while Mammon reigns.

We do not affirm that the stranger thought as far as this on that morning when Margaret, in her proud beauty, passed him on the staircase; but he resolved, under the excitement of his interest in her, to know the young gentleman who waited upon her—and he was one of those men of iron will, with whom to resolve is to accomplish.

In the mean time, the Maxwells sped on to Branthope Villa. The excitement and fatigue of the return prostrated the old man still more; so that his nephew was obliged to linger day after day, until he recovered sufficiently for Margaret to broach to him the unpleasant subject of debts and money. Comparatively small as the amount was, and cunningly as his ward, actuated by love for him in whose interest she spoke, approached him, Uncle Peter flew into a rage, which resulted in his again becoming worse, and in his ordering Branthope to return at once to his law-office, and not show himself again until sent for.

This was not the most judicious way of reforming one whose temptations had already proved too strong for him; Margaret felt it, as, weeping, she clung to Branthope's neck, as she bade him good-by, assuring him that she would bring her "father" to see the matter more favorably, and begging him, *by his love for her*, not to be rash, or rush into imprudence, but to live quietly and plainly until she could lend him a helping hand.

"*My love for her*," repeated Branthope, mockingly, as he strode away from the house, with the warmth of her kiss still upon his lips! "Madge is pretty enough, goodness knows, but if that dragonish old uncle is worth no more than she says, *I can do better*. She's glorious, Madge is, but not particularly stylish—not like some ladies I know, whose fathers would make them a wedding present of as much as her whole fortune. She's a country girl, after all!"

Ah, Margaret, is it for this shallow cousin that you run up to the tower, and wipe the tears from your eyes, that they may be clear to follow him as long as possible—that you throw unseen kisses after him from the tips of your taper fingers—that you stand and watch, until the last curl of vapor has melted in the blue air over the train that bears him away?

CHAPTER VI.

"WILL YOU, WILL YOU, WALK IN, MR. FLY?"

A MAN shallow and selfish, from the beginning, was Branthope Maxwell; a man who swiftly grew to be heartless and cruel; not intentionally, at first, designing to injure the girl who loved him so devotedly, but gradually drawn on to it by the fierce, strong grasp of another, whom he had permitted to get fast hold of him. For, when he returned to the city, the stranger of the steamer had taken the room next to his own in the boarding-house, and was already wielding, over those around him, the power conferred by money.

The boarders were all deferential to John Lopez Martinique, party because he was a foreigner—partly because he threw his gold about so freely, and partly because they all suspected him of something mysteriously and fascinatingly bad. It does frequently appear as if a man could have no greater charm than the reputation of wickedness.

However, no one knew anything ill of Mr. Martinique, or Senor, as some of the ladies called him. He was richly dressed, affable and gay, if not particularly refined. Toward the young and handsome Maxwell, the favorite of the house, he seemed greatly attracted; took every opportunity of being agreeable; invited him to his private parlor, and when he had him there, was careful to entertain him.

It was not a month before Branthope, communicative and confiding, as was natural to his years, had betrayed, little by little, his whole family history—and, what was worse, had expressed the bitterness he felt toward his uncle for denying him money, and the mortification it was to him not to be enabled to live up to the extravagant habits of those about him. Mr. Martinique was very soothing in his appreciation of the young gentleman's difficulties.

It *was* dashed hard to keep up style on an empty pocket. His uncle should not have put him to the law. Genteel enough—but dashed slow! If he had been put into the mercantile business, he might have had some chance of getting rich for himself, in a very short time. Indeed, he, the Senor himself, could have told him of a speculation in Havana sugars, which would have made him independent in one season. But, since he had not the capital to embark, and since it took that provoking uncle so long to die, his friend Maxwell need not suffer, in the meantime, for want of funds. *He* had money to spare. He had no relatives, and felt toward the young man as toward a younger brother. He should have all the money he wanted, without interest; all he asked in return were notes payable when he came into possession of his share of his uncle's estates.

Alas! Branthope was as weak as he was vain. He walked straight into the trap, and began a life of careless enjoyment, without much reflection as to future results.

He did sometimes foresee, as the notes accumulated, that he should have but little left, if he kept on at this rate, out of the "paltry fifty thousand," as he was pleased to call it, which alone he had reason to expect; but he kept "laying the flattering unction to his soul," that the law would soon begin to bring him in a pretty income. By this time, too, he had almost entirely concluded to give Margaret the go-by, and look out for a wife among those wealthy families to whom his own manners, as well as the good blood of the family, gave him an *entree*. He had grown tired of Margaret. As often happens, when one of the parties grows weary of a bond like this, the devotion of the other causes a feeling of dislike. Every sweet, sad letter of hers fretted him; and, by awakening remorse, perhaps, and making him unhappy for the moment, was the more disliked and dreaded. Senor Martinique was the confidant of his engagement, too; was allowed to read the pure, soul-eloquent letters of the beautiful girl whom he secretly, madly loved—and to see that they were not appreciated. Branthope would not have written half as frequently to his betrothed as he did, had he not been urged by the Senor, who prompted him to this duty, urged by his own desire to hear from one with whom he was wholly infatuated.

To do him the justice which should be accorded even to bad men, we must say that he loved Miss Maxwell with his whole nature, such as that nature was; and that if he wished and resolved to marry her, it was with no design to make her unhappy. He did not think of *that* side of the picture. Self-love, so strong in all, whispered to him, that, could he once make her his wife, she would afterward learn to be happy with him. He would be proud of her, as well as fond, show her off, give her plenty of spending money and the finery so dear to the female heart.

How to make her his wife?

There was where the badness of the man came to the surface. He knew, by those letters which Branthope, if delicate and honorable in his feelings, would never have permitted him to read, how all her girlish fancy and affection was twined about her cousin. He had reason, too, to infer, from the expression of her face, when her eyes met his, during that summer voyage, that her prepossessions would not be in his favor.

In spite of all these disadvantages, he resolved to attempt to gain the hand which Branthope, he saw, would not be slow to relinquish. Why he should have thus fixed his regards upon Margaret it would be difficult to determine; it appeared one of those accidents, or freaks of fancy, not to be accounted for. There were dark-eyed beauties enough in his own land; so that one would suppose were he to choose a northern maiden, he would select, by contrast, one with golden hair, and timid, soft blue eyes, not this tall brunette, so like a southern girl. Like, and yet unlike! for while Margaret was proud, almost to haughtiness, and her black eyes could flash lightnings, yet there was a softness in the luster of her glance, and a sweetness in her smile, like a child's. *This* was the overpowering charm which had mastered him. The ladies of the tropics were ardent, but fickle—passionate in anger as well as love—while here was one who could be true as well as warm, and too highly trained to give way to those gusts of temper which disfigured, at times, the charms of the Senoritas of his acquaintance.

Those weeks of the late summer and early fall—passed gayly by Branthope in a life of indulgence of every extravagant taste—were very weary ones to Margaret. Old Uncle Peter now was confined entirely to his room, and so capricious and exacting as to accept of no nursing but hers; even to her he was irritable and unreasonable; but she forgave it all, as the consequence of his nervous suffering, and tended him sweetly and patiently, with scarcely an hour to herself to watch the flowers fade, and the forest-leaves brighten into the "gorgeous livery" of autumn. Her letters to her cousin were written in the sick-room. Uncle Peter could tell, by the light in her lovely countenance, when she was writing to *him*, and it exasperated him, despite of his efforts to remain quiet. He always had a sarcastic remark to level at the object of her attachment. So that, really, the poor child had little comfort.

The peculiarities of his temper increasing with his disease, he became very perverse. Once he railed and stormed at Branthope's ingratitude in not coming to stay with him, although he knew, very well, that he had ordered his nephew never to appear until he was sent for. Taking this as permission for him to come, Margaret joyfully wrote a note informing Branthope that his uncle desired to see him; but when the young man arrived by the afternoon train of the next day, the irritable invalid refused to allow him to enter his room.

Margaret did not feel so badly about this as she would have done had she not supposed that it would be in her power to prevent her cousin from being wronged out of his portion of the estate; it gave her an opportunity for seeing her lover, for having one long, delicious evening with him, during which, just to watch his graceful ways, and listen to his gay voice, was happiness enough. It was not until after he had returned to the city that she recalled how little he had said of their relation to each other, and to feel a return of the old, vague dissatisfaction.

Uncle Peter, perverse as usual, was more angry for his nephew's going away, after being sent for, than he was for his coming out. He sent for his lawyer, destroyed his old will, and made a new one entirely in his niece's favor. This afforded him some comfort, and after it he grew better for a few weeks. Margaret did not inform Branthope of the new will. Now that her uncle did not seem in any present danger of dying, she was confident that the will would again be remodeled, under the first impulse which seized the fretful invalid. Besides, what mattered it?—her property was Branthope's, also.

Some meddling friend, who heard of it, wrote to the young gentleman, and informed him of what had occurred, which brought him out again to Branthope Villa—this time very quietly, to see Margaret only, desiring her to keep his visit from the old man. He brought with him a friend, Mr. Martinique, who boarded in the same house with him, in the city, and who had expressed a great desire to see the lovely scenery of the river valley. They were intending to spend a few days in trout-fishing in the neighboring streams; but should stop at the hotel, so as in no way to infringe upon her time, or intrude on her uncle's hospitality. "Might he be permitted to bring his friend, who was a gentleman, and much interested in what had been told him of her, to call upon her that evening?"

Margaret did not think of refusing; but as any other girl would have done who wished to please her lover and his friend, donned her most becoming dress, and made herself very beautiful and smiling to give them welcome.

The color receded from her face when Branthope introduced Mr. Martinique. Her utmost efforts were scarcely sufficient to cover her chagrin. Why? she kept asking herself. She knew nothing ill of the man; her prejudice had no foundation except in those inexplicable feelings, which are so apt, after all, to be prophetic. Branthope whispered to her "that if she cared for *him*, he hoped she would prove it, by being polite to his most particular friend."

To prove that she cared for him, she would have done even more difficult things than trying to make herself agreeable to a person she disliked; she smothered her real aversion, conversed, sung, was witty, charming, spirited—all to satisfy Branthope.

Before they left for the evening, her cousin had won her promise to accompany them upon a fishing excursion, the next afternoon, for a couple of hours, if her uncle was well enough to be left to the care of others.

The next morning, Margaret thought with reluctance of her promise. Two hours with Branthope, alone, in the soft, bright afternoon, walking among the rustling leaves of the brilliant woods, sitting by the still, deep pools, made here and there by the noisy, running brook, would have been paradise; but with this disagreeable stranger, would be only a vexation.

Her cousin had promised to invite one of the young ladies of the vicinity to meet them at the stile and accompany them, and to her Margaret resolved to leave the entertainment of Mr. Martinique. It might be that she and Branthope would have some quiet, happy moments together, after all. Comforted by this hope, when Uncle Peter had turned over for his afternoon doze, she stole out of the sick-room, and was soon in the welcome outdoor air, so much pleasanter than the atmosphere of that dull house that her eyes and cheeks brightened unconsciously, as she hastened to the stile to find the other three parts of the quartette impatiently awaiting her.

Branthope acted very little like a lover that afternoon. Instead of seeking excuses to linger by her side, he rather made them to leave her with his friend. Once, as they all sat with their lines dropped in the stream, great trees casting their shadows over the gay group and the calm water, Branthope pretended that he saw a rare flower on the bank, further up the stream, and rose to go after it, calling the other young lady to aid him in securing the treasure. Margaret sat silent as the two rambled away, as she supposed, for a moment only; she could think of nothing to say to the gentleman by her side, and affected to be busy with her line.

"Let me disentangle it for you, Miss Maxwell," he said, in a moment, speaking very soft and low, at the same time, with a firm, gentle grasp, removing the fishing-rod from her hand and proceeding to free the line from the root on which it was caught. "See how easily I have freed the imprisoned line! Would that I might as swiftly and easily disentangle *your life*, dear lady, from its connection with one who can only break your heart. Forgive me! I know you look upon me as a stranger; but I have *adored* you from the first instant my eyes rested on your face. You must have observed this while we were aboard the steamer. Love is not a century-plant. It grows, buds and blossoms in one magical instant, like those seeds which the magicians of India place under a glass and cause to expand into a flower while the beholder gazes. This is love—true love; the passion which I feel for you. How unlike the cold, cousinly affection of him to whom you are engaged, who likes, who respects, but who never loved and never can love you as I love. He sees it now. But he is too honorable to be the first to break the line. Oh, beautiful, peerless Margaret, if I dare call you thus, say that I may disentangle the line—that you will turn from his lukewarm affection, offspring of duty and association, and accept this sudden, vivid flower which has burst into flame in one sweet hour, to bloom forever!" His voice was like the lapsing music of the stream; he did not attempt to take her hand, nor to approach any nearer; but when she raised her eyes, his blazing glance thrilled her with conviction that this man did indeed love her, in his fiery, Southern way, and that he had *willed* that she should not reject him. She could not remove her gaze, fixed by his, burning, melting into her inmost being—not, however, with the warm, delicious power of welcome love, but inflicting pain and terror. She could not remove her own earnest gaze from that magnetic look, but she had full control of her voice.

"Has Mr. Maxwell *said to you* that he was tired of the bond between us?" she asked, coldly, yet still eagerly.

"He has. Do not be offended with me, dear Miss Maxwell. It is with his permission that I address you. I am rich; I will assist your cousin to wealth. My station, family, relations, income, business, shall all be explained to your satisfaction. I know I am rash in risking all so soon; but I have been wild to see you—for this moment—ever since the day we parted on the hotel staircase. I have known you through your cousin many weeks; heard daily of you, read your letters—so we are not really so much strangers as it would seem. Don't refuse me, Miss Maxwell—you will never be so loved by another!"

"Read my letters," murmured Margaret, mechanically.

"I should not have mentioned that. Your cousin allowed me to see them, knowing how deeply interested I was in you."

"Then you must have learned from those letters that I loved the man to whom they were written. I am not one of those who change, even with the change of those I love. *Once*, with me, means *forever*. You must see that your suit is vain."

Impossible to depict the dignity with which these words were spoken; she had grown pale, and her lip trembled a little; it was easy to see that she was wounded to the heart; but he could not, as he had hoped, spur on her pride to revenge herself upon her cousin by accepting him.

Rising to her feet, she wound her line and turned to go away. He, too, arose and followed her. In her agitation she forgot to make any delay for the two remaining behind; but if she expected to outwalk Mr. Martinique, she was disappointed. He kept by her side, and when she arrived home walked into the parlor with her. She did not ask him to be seated; but sinking into the nearest chair, looked up at him, as if asking why he lingered.

"I do not ask you to love me—not at first—only to accept me—to permit me to love you."

She waved her hand for him to leave the room.

"You must—you shall!" he went on, more savagely, aroused by the slight curl of scorn on her lip; "otherwise Maxwell is ruined. I have been generous with him—have paid his debts, loaned him money. I desire still to be his friend. It depends upon *you*!"

"I shall do nothing," she said, coldly. "If he has been imprudent, surely he cannot ask that I shall immolate myself on the altar for his benefit. If I thought he could, I should despise him."

"Despise him, then," said Martinique, eagerly. "He does expect that you are to pay his debts for him by becoming my wife. He has based his actions upon this expectation. As for me, I do not wish to take advantage of your interest in him; I love you—loved you from the first; and it is natural that I should hope for a chance of winning you. Don't go, Miss Maxwell. You can't afford to throw away what I have to offer."

The tears were swelling in Margaret's eyes—tears of pride even more than grief; he should not see them; Branthope should not see them, nor ever guess how he had humiliated her. All she desired, at that moment, was to get away—to flee to the shelter of that dull sick chamber, where she could hide her mortification, and where one, albeit crabbed and irascible from sickness, still truly loved her.

Mr. Martinique obeyed her imperious gesture, stepped aside, and she walked away, heedless of gay voices which called her, as the two ramblers came upon the porch.

"Miss Maxwell grew uneasy about her uncle," said the Southerner, in apology for her desertion.

Branthope understood him, and did not conceal his vexation as much as politeness suggested, as he avowed his readiness to escort the other young lady home

"A poor afternoon's fishing," he remarked, pettishly.

"Yes," replied his companion, innocently; "the bait was not good."

During the three days of their stay in the neighborhood, the two gentlemen saw no more of Margaret. Branthope called twice, but she refused to come down, on the plea that she did not wish to leave the invalid. She knew that her white cheeks and dim eyes would tell the story of too many tears shed; the Maxwell pride was fighting it out with love, and held bravely out until Branthope had gone, who, probably, would always thenceforth represent the Maxwell meanness. One of the most ridiculous phases of human nature is this tendency of families to plume themselves on noble characteristics, inherent in "the blood." Why, one action, as mean as that of young Branthope Maxwell, ought to weigh for a century against all the glory of the family name. But one never hears of the scapegraces, or the prison-birds, or the poor relations who depend from the genealogical tree; and thus it is that the Smiths are always proud of belonging to *the* Smiths.

(*To be continued—commenced in No. 351.*)

PROPHECY.

BY M. A. WARNER.

Proud, beautiful, and peerless,
Our own Columbia stands,
As yet a child and fearless
Amid the older lands—
A bright and glorious jewel
Fresh from the Father's hands.

An ensign for the people
Is our glorious banner bright,
The desire of all nations
Is the land beneath its light,
The golden land of Beulah
To all who read aright.

Is there crime within our borders?
It will soon be purged away,
For we are standing at the dawning
Of a bright and glorious day—
The thousand years of Prophecy
When Peace shall hold her sway!

Prophets and seers have long foretold
A happy Golden Age,
When all the world should be at peace
And wars no more should wage,
And man should still be called a child
When a hundred years of age.

That time is hastening swiftly on!
That day is almost here!
The night of time is going fast—
The light is getting clear!
May we greet the sunlight with the dawn
On this glad Centennial year!

BIG GEORGE,

The Giant of the Gulch:

OR,

THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE VOLCANO, THE BOY MINER," "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

SINKING flat in the deep shadow, holding his breath, almost stilling the rapid throbbing of his heart, Little Cassino lay motionless before the cave entrance. For a moment he believed himself discovered, and, despite his undoubted courage, his flesh crept and quivered as though already feeling the stroke of an enemy. But only for one moment. Again came the sound, this time plain and unmistakable—a heavy, prolonged breath—almost a snore.

Little Cassino almost laughed aloud as he slowly lifted his head and strove to pierce the utter blackness of the interior. There was naught to be seen, nothing to be heard, save the regular breathing as of one who had denied himself sleep until completely exhausted. Yet he did not advance further until satisfied that the sound was natural and not counterfeited.

He knew that Red Pepper could have gained but little rest of late. On the night of the Temple opening and the dance, which had had such a tragic ending, the desperado did not close his eyes. The next day was given to looking after his injured brothers. That night—Sunday—he knew had been spent in a gambling saloon. His only chance for rest was on Monday, on which day he had to arrange his plans for the abduction. Then came the flight, the pursuit, and the knowledge that he was besieged by some bitter enemy, as evidenced by the nearly fatal rifle-shot. Doubtless he had borne up as long as possible, fearing an attempt to take him by surprise, only to yield to the drowsy god at last, as the steady snoring plainly evidenced.

Convinced that this reasoning was correct, Little Cassino crawled forward, inch by inch, feeling the ground before him, and carefully removing everything that could possibly betray his passage. When once fairly inside the cave he paused, listening intently. The heavy breathing was still continued, and mingling with it he could just distinguish a fainter, higher tone—not exactly a snore, but as though the sleeper emitting it had caught a slight cold.

He heard this with strangely mingled emotions—that would have been difficult for himself to have analyzed. It told him that *she* was still alive and well—that her grief and bitter wrongs were temporarily forgotten in slumber. And yet—was she altogether an unwilling captive? She had been singing to him—a gay, blithesome song, Jose said. A bitter curse rose in Little Cassino's throat as he strove to choke down the thought.

Once more he resumed his progress, slowly creeping along the base of the wall, using it as a guide, until glancing back he could look out at the entrance, and knew that he had reached the point where his work must be done.

The sound of breathing was very deceptive in the low-roofed, narrow-walled den; there was no locating it exactly, and Little Cassino was obliged to change his plan somewhat. With his knife he severed one sleeve from his undershirt, moistening it with spittle as thoroughly as possible. Then he emptied upon the sleeve the little flask of powder which he had made use of in priming his pistols. Rubbing this thoroughly together, he produced an admirable ball of tinder, which would require only a spark to set it into a bright blaze.

Then he paused for a few moments, holding a match in his hand ready for striking. The hesitation was natural enough, and no discredit to his courage. The man whom he was to awaken was one whom few men would care to encounter in a death-grapple; a giant in strength, a devil in ferocity and brute courage; one, too, who would be fighting with a rope around his neck.

Rapidly these thoughts passed through the doctor's mind, but they were as quickly dismissed, as he remembered the earnest pledge he had given the dying gymnast. He no longer felt his own wounds—he thought only of vengeance.

Crouching low down, with his feet to the wall, Little Cassino struck the match, shielding the faint glow with his hands and body. The flame grew steadier—then touched the ragged end hanging from the ball of tinder. Instantly a broad glare filled the cave, and flinging the fire-ball toward the cave entrance, Little Cassino uttered a shrill yell, cocking his revolver.

For one brief instant he beheld a sight that chilled his blood. Two forms—man and woman—were lying side by side. Her head was resting upon his arm, one hand nestling upon his broad breast.

With a hoarse cry, Red Pepper bounded to his feet, the woman uttering a piercing scream as she was flung rudely aside. Dazzled by the fire-ball, bewildered by the sudden alarm, the giant glared wildly around.

Little Cassino raised his pistol and discharged it quick as thought. A snarling cry broke from the desperado's lips as he staggered back, turning half around with the shock. Without pausing to note the result of his shot, Little Cassino sprung upon his enemy, dealing him a crushing blow upon the head with the pistol-butt. Red Pepper fell, but flung out his arms and carried the doctor with him. Despite his injuries, confused as he was with the blow that would almost have brained an ox, the giant was yet a terrible antagonist in such a close grapple. Enfeebled by his wounds, Little Cassino found his hands full, and had not aid promptly reached him, the end might have been very different. But the iron grip of Cotton-top's fingers speedily choked the outlaw into submission—or rather insensibility.

Panting, breathless from his frightful struggle, Little Cassino sat upon the rock floor watching the dextrous fingers of Cotton-top binding Red Pepper hand and foot. He dare not look around to where the woman, for whom he had dared so much, crouched against the wall, terror-stricken, well nigh insensible. He recalled that one fleeting glimpse—it turned him sick at heart as he remembered the wasted love of the murdered gymnast.

"Come!" he suddenly cried, springing to his feet. "I am smothering in here—let's carry this devil out into the open air—catch hold!"

Cotton-top obeyed. Just then there was nothing that he would not have done—or attempted—at Little Cassino's command. Together they bore the senseless giant out upon the ledge. Then, for the first time, the Mexicans approached, their faces close-shrouded in their blankets, until assured that Red Pepper was not in a condition to recognize them.

"No, he is not dead," said Little Cassino. "I only aimed to cripple him. I have sworn he shall die by the rope—and I mean it. I know what you mean. You have sworn to have his life, but you must be satisfied with my mode of vengeance. I don't believe you care about making me your enemy, but you will if you attempt to interfere with my plans. So don't think to use your knives on him. The man who saves him from the hangman's rope, even by death, I will hunt down and kill like a dog, though I have to follow him to the center of the earth."

The Mexicans listened sullenly enough, wistfully fingering their knives, but they dare not openly rebel. Finally Jose spoke:

"If you are determined, senor, then we must part here. You know enough of our lives to see that it would be death to us to stay and be recognized by him. If you save him for the rope, he would manage to pass the word on to those who would hunt us to death, even as you threatened. We must go, senor—Gaspard and I."

"That is as you will. Only—first help us carry him down to the level. You take his feet; we will manage his head."

It was no easy task, but at length the senseless outlaw was lying at the base of a huge bowlder, still further secured by several turns of a stout trail-rope. The Mexicans still lingered near, loth to leave their enemy alive. Cotton-top drew a long breath, drawing one sleeve across his brow.

"That's what I call a pesky hefty job fer little pay! It makes me sick—durned ef it *don't!* Handlin' a lump o' nat'ral cussedness like that jest 's ef he was a bag o' aigs, to bu'st one o' which 'd be 'tarnal death past savin'! Ef 'twas to do over ag'in, durned ef I wouldn't jest give 'im a boost 'ith my mudflingers, an' let 'im go a belly-buster the easiest way he knowed how! I'm clean blowed—hello! dog my sister's cat's kittens, ef I didn't clean fergit the gal!"

"She's safe enough," cried Little Cassino, sharply, arresting Cotton-top, who was about to scale the hill. "Let her remain where she is for a while. She'll not suffer—never fear," he added, with a short, bitter laugh.

Sorely puzzled, Cotton-top paused, scratching his head, dubiously. Ignorant of what Little Cassino had witnessed inside the cave, he was at a loss to account for the great change which had overtaken his friend. But, then—"the king can do no wrong," and he squatted down upon a convenient bowlder and began whittling up a chunk of "navy," with which to load his pipe.

The Mexicans whispered earnestly together

for a few moments, then Jose Sylva drew near to Little Cassino.

"You won't think better of it, senor? A man can die but once, and it matters little whether that death comes by the bullet, steel, or rope. Reflect that this demon has many stout friends, who will spare no pains to rescue him. He is a member of a powerful band who are sworn to avenge each other, and to aid each other with their own lives, if need be. You will surely lose your revenge if you venture to carry him to town alive. Better let us make sure now—you need not even look on. Give him to us. We have bitter cause to hate him. He has wronged us more than death can atone. Yet that is all we ask—one knife-thrust—just one!'

"You are wasting your breath, Jose," coldly replied Little Cassino. "His fate is written. It must and *shall* be carried out. Don't think me ungrateful for your services. Only for you we might never have taken him. Don't you see, then, that it is *your* hand which punishes him? Let that satisfy you, for more I *will* not grant."

"Then, farewell, senor. You will need our horses to convey him and the lady. We will manage without them," and with these words the Mexicans faded away in the gray light of the coming dawn.

"I kin see the gal a-peekin' out o' the cave, boss," uttered Cotton-top, in an eager, yet suppressed tone.

"Very well," listlessly responded Little Cassino. "You had better go up and fetch her down. We cannot leave her there—and it might as well be gotten over with first as last. Go—help her down, pard."

He watched the tall digger scramble up the hill and enter the cave. Several minutes elapsed without any sound or sign, and he was beginning to wonder, when he saw the couple appear upon the ledge, then his eyes were drawn toward Red Pepper, who now began to show signs of recovering his senses.

"Look 'round, boss!" uttered the excited voice of Cotton-top in his ears. "Jest looky yonder!"

Little Cassino turned his head, then sprung to his feet with a cry of astonishment. The woman stood before him, but it was not Estelle—was a perfect stranger to him!

CHAPTER XXII.

LYNCH LAW.

BART NOBLE grinned broadly as he felt those taper fingers upon his shirt sleeve, and heard the agitated tones of the Spanish woman.

"She's afeard I'll 'spicion somethin'," he muttered to himself. "I won't let on, and she'll try to play me fer a sucker. It'll tickle her—fer awhile—an' 'twon't hurt me."

"Come, senor," added the woman, her voice steadier than at first, as the old miner's hand dropped from the bush. "There is yet one spot—I had completely forgotten it. A man could easily hide himself there; it may be that you will yet find your game. Come—I will show you."

"Then you begin to b'lieve we ain't *all* thieves an' cut-throats, out on a stealin' trip," grinned old Bart, yielding to her hand, and turning his back upon the so nearly discovered secret.

"I was wrong, senor," she replied, in a soft, half-coaxing tone, with a frank, open look from her lustrous eyes. "My temper was sorely ruffled, and I hardly knew what I was saying. I am sorry that I spoke and acted so rudely."

"Lord love ye, ma'am," promptly replied Bart, "*we* never mind what a woman sais. They's privileged characters, *they* be!"

She drew a long breath as of intense relief as they walked away from the bushes. Bart laughed in his sleeve. He believed that his careless manner had banished her suspicions of being followed; and yet he himself was the deceived one. Had her actions been less prompt, one instant more would have lain bare the entrance to the secret passage. This fear had caused her alarm, for even she never dreamed that Big George and his brothers were at that moment within hearing of her voice. As unwittingly had she preserved the life of Bart Noble. One minute later and he would have separated the bushes, would have caught sight of his game—and that would have been his death-warrant, for Big George was crouching low with bared knife ready to forever silence the intruder.

Thus relieved, the Spanish woman proceeded to keep her promise to her emissary, softening her voice, using her eyes with a skill worthy a far better object. Indeed she acted almost *too* well. Even had not the miner overheard her plans, this utter change would quickly have awakened his suspicions. Now, however, he made no sign, seeming to swallow all—the sly side-glance, the half-vailed compliments as though he liked such diet.

"I reckon I'd better give the boys a call," he finally remarked. "Ef our man's in that hole you speak of, he won't come out easy. He's a tough coon when he gits cornered."

Leaving her, Bart pressed forward to where his men were gathered around the gold-diggers, and singling out two of them, hastily gave them his instructions.

"Keep your eyes on that greaser in a blue jacket. They're tryin' to play bugs onto us. I hearn the woman tell him to kerry word to somebody—most like the Peppers. Mind, you must let him hev rope enough to hang hisself. Let him try to git out, then take him—*alive*, mind you. It's his message we want—an' who it was meant fer. Do your purtiest, now."

Bart Noble had shown good judgment in his choice of men for this delicate job. Without a change of expression they had listened to him, nor did they send one glance in quest of their game as they, in common with the rest, followed their leader toward the spot where the Spanish woman awaited them. Yet they saw her make a peculiar gesture, with her hand, and at the same moment caught sight of the blue-jacketed Mexican stealing away through the bushes, toward the cluster of buildings, and then themselves paused as though searching the bushes before them.

"The boys won't let him pass out the way we come in," muttered Weasel. "They ain't no holes in the rocks—he must use a rope to climb up to the ledge yender—"

"An' yender it goes!" hissed Buckeye, as a snaky coil shot up and settled around a point of rocks. "Let him git a fa'r start, then we'll persuade him to come down."

"He's pesky green to think he could shin up thar 'ithout bein' spotted—jest like the durned yaller-bellies, anyhow!" sniffed Weasel, in a tone of contemptuous disgust.

"He'll know more afore old Bart gits through with him," laughed Buckeye, striding forward and hailing the Mexican, who was now twenty feet up the face of the cliff.

With a low cry, the Mexican turned his head as he heard the challenge, and his face blanched to a sickly yellow as he stared full into the black muzzles of two revolvers with which the order to descend was emphasized.

"Don't shoot—I'll come down!" he faltered, allowing the taut rope to slip through his hands.

As his feet touched ground, he was seized and bound with a piece cut from his own lasso. As though knowing how worse than vain would be any resistance, he lay motionless, only a hard, stubborn expression settled over his face, as Weasel uttered a peculiar whistle.

Bart Noble chuckled aloud as he heard this signal of success, and turned toward the woman, whose face suddenly grew hard and cold, as he spoke.

"That whistle sais your friend in the blue jacket hes got hisself into a scrape, ma'am. I'm free to say you played it fine—ef I hedn't overhearn what you told him back yender, I reckon you'd 'a' tuck me in chuck-up."

"I don't understand you, senor. You have promised not to wantonly injure anything or anybody, if you found not your game. You have searched every foot of ground. You know that the fugitive is not concealed here. Now I claim your promise to depart peaceably and at once."

"You should hev thought o' that afore you tried to spring a trap on us. You give that critter a message to giv' to somebody. It'd be a shame to waste any o' your words, so I reckon I'd better take charge of 'em."

"You shall not injure him—I'll—"

"You'll take things easy ef you know when you're well off, ma'am," sharply interrupted Bart. "We've fooled away too much time a'ready—now it's *business*. We're goin' to find out whar that man was goin', an' what fer. Ef you're smart, you'll take it quietly, but ef you cut up rusty, we'll hev to tie you up—though I'd ruther not sarve a woman so, ef I kin git around it. Take a fool's advice an' you'll be better off, in the eend."

The woman vouchsafed no reply to this blunt speech, though she evidently realized her helplessness. And while the painful scene which followed was being enacted, she never once removed her gaze from the face of the captive.

"Now, my lad," said Bart, crouching down beside the prisoner. "Thar's only one way fer you to git out o' this scrape, an' that is by tellin' us all you know. I was watchin' you an' her in them bushes yander; she gev you a message to tell somebody. Who was it to, an' what was you to tell 'em?"

The Mexican showed his teeth in a sickly smile, but made no reply. Twice Bart repeated the question, with the same result. Then, losing patience, he arose.

"The more fool you fer not speakin' on a civil axin'. This is the last chaince you'll git. Speak out, an' you kin go with a whole hide, to the deuce, ef you like. You won't? Good enough! H'ist him up to that stump, boys—lively, now!"

Willing hands make quick work, and the Mexican was speedily stripped to the waist and bound in an upright position, his arms embracing a stout stump. A brief search among the cabins brought to light a number of quirts, or rawhide whips. It was not a difficult matter to find hands ready to wield these implements. There were no lovers of "greasers" among the band of vigilantes.

"It rests with you, boy, how many licks you're to hev," said the old digger, drawing back. "When you make up your mind to spit out all you know, jest squeel 'er out!"

The Mexican made no answer, only clenched his teeth more firmly and pressed his forehead hard against the wood.

The quirt arose and fell, with a sickening *swish*, leaving a purple ridge behind. A single start—a convulsive quiver—that was all. Not a sound parted the captive's lips, though the cruel lashes fell fast and heavily, rapidly growing moist with the blood trickling down the lacerated back.

At a gesture from Noble the flogging ceased. He strode forward and lifted the captive's head, then said:

"You've got one mouthful of the dinner we'll give you, ef you keep on actin' the mule. You *must* tell, fust or last. Better do it now then when you're all cut to pieces. I'll tell you jest how we'll sarve ye, ef you keep stubbern. You'll be licked ontel they ain't a whole inch o' skin on your karkidge. Ef that won't do, we'll try hangin' fer a hour or two. S'posin' *that* don't fetch you to reason, we'll draw your teeth, one by one; pull off your toe-nails an' finger-nails, an' wind up by hangin' you head down over a slow fire. You kin take your choice. Tell now, an' we'll set you free, or act the fool an' fa'r wuss; which is it?"

The prisoner flashed one quick glance toward the Spanish woman, but meeting her cold, steady gaze, drooped his head and muttered:

"You may kill me, but you can't make me speak."

Bart turned away with a curse of impatience, and once more the cutting lash resumed its work. The blood flowed more freely, and the crimson spray was scattered around with every fall of the rawhide. A clot of blood fell from the lash and struck upon the woman's cheek. Brushing it away, with a little cry, she turned and glided toward the house.

As though this was a signal for which he was awaiting, the prisoner cried out that he would tell all if they would only spare him further torture.

"Speak, then—but mind!" warningly cried Bart. "Ef you don't tell a straight story, we'll murder you by inches! Now—who was you to find out?"

"Big George and his brothers," sullenly replied the Mexican.

"Go on—tell us all; and mind you don't trip. Ef you lie now, salt won't save ye!"

"I was to tell them that you were here, hunting for him—to tell him who you were, your numbers and your pretext for searching this place. Then he was to act according to his own judgment."

"Whar did you 'spect to find 'em—or do you know?"

"In the 'sink' at the foot of Lone Tree Butte. I left them there this morning, early. They said there had been some trouble in town, and they expected to be followed. I was to warn the queen of this, and bid her allow no person enter the Gulch. Now you know everything. I cannot say more if you torture me until next year."

"You've told enough, if it's true. If it's a lie, you'd better say your prayers while you hev time. Cast him loose, boys."

The bonds were cut, and the wretch sunk to the ground like a limp rag. His garments were flung over his shoulders, then he was left to himself. Lucky for him that none of the vigilantes observed his fierce yet triumphant smile, as he bowed his head upon his knees. They would have felt less faith in his compulsory confession.

"Ketch up your critters, boys—lively, now!" cried Bart Noble, setting the example himself. "We've wasted too much time here a'ready, an' must ride hard to make up for 't."

As he rode slowly along the precarious trail, Bart Noble cast more than one curious glance around him, but if he expected to catch another glimpse of the beautiful Spanish woman, he was doomed to disappointment. And yet, as the vigilantes rode rapidly down the valley, her bright eyes followed their course, a low, mocking laugh issuing from her lips.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RED PEPPER IN LIMBO.

LITTLE CASSINO stood like one petrified, scarce able to believe his eyes. He brushed one hand across them, as though there lay the fault, glancing from the woman to Cotton-top, then back again. But the tow-headed digger was equally at a loss with himself, and stood upon one foot, vigorously scratching his pate, with an air of ludicrous perplexity.

"It beats my time all holler! You sais—go fetch down the gal critter. I went. Thar she squatted in the corner, trem'lin' fit to kill. I coaxed her out, an' then I see'd it wasn't her, but somebody else. I looked ag'in; they wasn't nobody else—so I jest brung her 'long down."

"Can it be that those dogs followed a wrong trail? No—that is impossible. I saw him carry her away—there *he* is—and yet this is a strange woman!"

"You don't reckon thar's any—any spook business in it, do ye?" abruptly asked Cotton-top, his voice falling as he cast a quick, apprehensive glance toward the cowering woman.

At this moment an interruption came from Red Pepper. As already mentioned, he had recovered his consciousness just before Cotton-top reappeared with the woman. It cost him little trouble to realize what had occurred, and fully alive to the peril of his situation, a prisoner in such hands, he concentrated all his power into one desperate effort to burst his bonds, determined, unarmed though he was, to die fighting if he could not regain his liberty. But the lengths of stout trail-rope proved true. They would have held a buffalo bull, and he failed to even loosen them. The effort was too much in his present condition. An excruciating pang shot through his wounds, and with a half-stifled groan of agony he relaxed his efforts and lay with closed eyes, like one fainting.

"Thar's your huckleberry, boss!" cried Cotton-top, triumphantly. "*He* kin tell ye the hull business from A to Ampersand! A durn fool we didn't think o' that afore!"

At the hollow groan the woman sprung forward and knelt beside the wounded desperado. Almost fiercely she repulsed the doctor, flinging aside his hand with a force that caused him to nearly lose his balance.

"Get away! you sha'n't touch him—you've done enough harm already. He's dying—he's dead! and *you* murdered him—*you*—may God's curse forever blight—!"

Red Pepper opened his eyes and smiled faintly as he heard her passionate words. Quick as light, forgetting all else, the woman turned toward him, pressing her lips to his, murmuring soft words as a mother caresses her infant. And a softer light stole over the desperado's face. All feeling was not yet dead in his breast.

Little Cassino had by this time recovered his usual composure. Though there was a mystery as yet unexplained, he was content to await a proper time for obtaining the solution.

"You are doing him more hurt than good, madam," he said, gently lifting the woman to her feet. "I am a doctor, and I will attend to his wounds as carefully as though he were my brother. If skill can save him, he shall not die—at present, anyway."

The desperado laughed shortly.

"That means—not afore you kin twist a noose fer my neck! All right, Doc. The seed ain't planted yet as is to grow my rope. Ef you count on that, you'll slip up on it."

"I'll run the risk, Red Pepper," was the cool reply. "But just now you'd better lie still while I look to your wounds."

These were found to be four in number, two of which—an ugly knife-wound in the side and a frightful mass of bruises upon his right leg—were already bandaged neatly enough, with soft white linen, to which still hung bits of lace edging. Little Cassino's eyes softened as he glanced quickly toward the woman. The flushed face and drooping eyes confirmed his suspicion that she had been the tender surgeon.

Besides these injuries, a deep gash upon the skull, a pistol-ball through the left shoulder completed the list; the two last-named having been inflicted by Little Cassino in the cave.

"You've got less than you deserved, Red Pepper,' coldly said the doctor, as he proceeded to dress the wounds. "Less than you deserve, by one half; yet enough to keep you out of mischief for a few days, even were you to receive less care than we mean to bestow upon you. I'm happy to say that your free-and-easy days are about over."

"I'll live long enough to see *your* heart's blood, anyhow," growled the unsubdued ruffian.

"You will if you do, but I wouldn't stake many chips on it. There's many a black score tallied against your name, and settlement-day is hard by. Your bank 'll be bu'sted before the accounts are half-settled."

"Ax him about *her!*" prompted Cotton-top, with a nudge.

"There is nothing to tell," quickly interposed the woman. "I went with him of my own free will—I'll take my Bible oath—"

"Easy, little one," muttered Red Pepper, in a voice strangely soft and tender for him. "Let me do the talkin', Zoe." Then, looking toward Little Cassino, he added: "What was all that rumpus in the theayter, night afore last?"

"George Mack was murdered while performing upon the trapeze. Do you mean to say that you did not know all about it?"

"Who did it—does anybody know?"

"Your brother, Little Pepper. He flung a knife and cut the rope. It was only a few moments before you knocked me down at the door of the greenroom."

"Whar is he—Little Eph—an' the other boys?" eagerly.

"They escaped, and, for all I know, are still free, though old Bart Noble is leading a party in pursuit of them."

"He'll earn all he gits, I reckon," grinned the relieved captive.

"All California won't be big enough to hold them—so don't count on their escaping, or of aiding *you* to escape. Now—since it can do you no harm—I wish you would explain what happened that night. I don't mind acknowledging that I overheard all your plans, Sunday—yes, I made the noise that startled you. I was under the shanty all the time you were hunting for me."

"Ef I'd only knowed it! But never mind. You've did us some good turns 'long o' the bad ones, a'ter all. Only fer you, I don't s'pose I'd ever found out what a trump *she* is. Wa-al, sence you overhearn our plans, the story 'll be shorter, an' easier told. You know, too, that I didn't go fer the gal on my own a'count. *That* was meat fer George. We was to coax her up into the box, but that wouldn't work—I kin guess now *why* it failed. Then Little Eph got hot. That's his only fault; he cain't hold his hand when his head gits to b'ilin' over. He swore he was goin' to try to cut the ropes. They wasn't no use in my talkin'. I knowed that well enough, an' as the gal didn't come to us, I 'tarmined to go to *her*. I met you—I reckon you know *how*. Then I grabbed the gal. The table turned over an' spilt the lights. As I was runnin' out I tripped over your karkidge an' fell, losin' my holts on *her*. She run back. I follered an' grabbed her, as I thought, hittin' her a lick to stop her noise. You kin see the mark now—fer 'twas *her* I kerried off," nodding toward Zoe.

"I deserved it all for being such a baby," quickly uttered the girl, swiftly covering the livid bruise on her forehead with a fold of her hair.

"I'm sorry fer it now, little one—but I didn't know 'twas you. How should I? They was no light—I jest grabbed you up an' put fer out-doors. You know I didn't hev no spar' time then, Doc," grimly. "Atween you an' them cussed greasers I hed to hustle aroun' mighty lively. But I did git through, an' tuck to the hills. My critter fell, an' smashed my leg flat, ag'in' a rock. That put a' eend to my travelin', an' I jest manidged to crawl up yander. An' would you b'lieve it! all the time I thought I hed holt o' George's gal, 'stead o' *her*—nur I didn't find it out ontel plum daybreak."

Little Cassino listened in silence to this recital. He was thoroughly puzzled and bewildered. Now, that he looked more closely, he remembered having seen Zoe at the Temple—indeed so has the reader, since she was none other than the black-eyed sprite who so indignantly flouted Big George on learning that he was searching for Estelle; and the one with whom Red Pepper danced at the "Variety Ball," afterward. He could not doubt the man's truth—the explanation was so simple. And yet—where was Estelle? What had kept her from the side of her dying husband? Death or captivity alone could have done this. The theater had been thoroughly searched, in vain. The enigma was beyond his power of solving.

His painful musings were finally interrupted by Zoe, who came and knelt at his feet, her voice trembling, her eyes moistened.

"You'll let him go, won't you, sir—for my sake? He'll promise not to do any more harm—he couldn't, anyway; you've hurt him so bad. *Please* let him go free, and I'll honor you—love you, next to him. For my sake—please?"

"He is not worth one tear from those bright eyes, little one. You don't know him as I do. He is a thief, a murderer—all that is evil and foul-hearted. For years he has been a disgrace to the name of man. But now—he has run his course, and as sure as God made the sun above us he shall receive his reward—shall die a death befitting the life he has led."

"And who are you that speak of punishing him?" cried Zoe, springing to her feet with flashing eyes. "Are *your* hands so clean—your soul so free of stain—"

"That matters not—I expect to meet the fate my life has earned. But you ask *who* I am. I am the son of a man whom he—he and his brothers—foully murdered! And yet you ask me to spare him! No—ten thousand times no! For years I have hunted them—long, weary years when I had only the faintest of clues to guide me, and now, when I have run my prey to earth, you beg me to spare him! Yes—as he spared my gray-haired father—such is the mercy I will show him—none other!"

With this passionate outburst Little Cassino turned and strode away among the rocks, leaving the awe-stricken beings behind him, nor did he return until the sun was high overhead. Once more he was calm and collected, no trace of his recent excitement visible. His voice was even and natural as he bade Cotton-top collect the horses and prepare them for the back trail. This order was speedily obeyed, and, owing to Jose Sylva's generous foresight, each of the four were provided with a separate mount.

Red Pepper's huge bulk was lifted into the saddle, to the pommel of which he was securely bound. A rope confined his feet, passing beneath the mustang's belly, while a trail-rope led from the animal's neck to the saddle of the beast ridden by Cotton-top. That worthy led the way, followed by Red Pepper; he by Zoe, while Little Cassino brought up the rear.

The trail was long and difficult; and as it was full noon before they set out, there was little chance of their reaching Blue Earth before nightfall. Fully aware of the importance of their capture, neither guard suffered his vigilance to relax for one moment, more particularly after twilight, which fell while they were yet several miles from their destination.

"Look yender!" finally exclaimed Cotton-top. "See that light! I bet the boys has captured thar game! That's a big bonfire!"

"Press on—the road's better now," muttered Little Cassino.

The red glow against the heavens grew brighter as they advanced, and eagerly enough Cotton-top stretched his long neck to peer over the ridge from whence the first glimpse of Blue Earth could be obtained.

"Moly Hoses! 'tain't no bondfire—it's Sneaky's cabin!"

With a hoarse cry Little Cassino rushed past him and thundered down the slope like a madman!

(*To be continued—commenced in No. 345.*)

TRUE LOVE.

I would that every angry shaft
From Trouble's bitter sheaf
Would wing its flight to pierce my heart,
To give to thine relief.

I would that every ill and woe,
And every carking care,
Would force their way within my breast,
That I for thee might bear.

I'd genial deem the icy chill,
The biting frost and cold,
The stormy tempest, love, if thou
Wert sheltered in the fold.

If my frail barque were tossed about,
Of angry waves the sport,
Calm as on glassy lake I'd feel,
If thou wert safe in port.

And if thy choice o'er me should pass,
To bless another's life,
His truest friend I'd ever be,
Because thou wert his wife.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE FIELDING OF 1876.

IT is scarcely necessary at this period of progress in perfecting our national game, to point out the fact that fielding is the great attractive feature of base-ball, and the only one, in fact, on which the true estimate of a player's skill can be based. But from the stress laid upon excellence in batting, in some quarters, it would appear to be [illegible] season's work some facts which will more strikingly than heretofore prove the truth of our assertion. In the English game of cricket there is an old saying to the effect that if you can score runs well and good, but at any rate save them. That is, if you have batting skill at your command all the better, but be sure, whether you have or not, that you possess fielding skill to prevent runs being scored by good batting. The point of the rule is simply, that it is better to save runs from being scored than to score them; or, in other words, it is safer to rely upon fielding skill for success than upon that of batting. No one who has ever seen a match between the class of players known as "muffins," but knows that while these players can handle the ash with telling effect for long field hits for home runs, they cannot catch a ball or field it with any more effect than a party of ten-year old schoolboys. They can bat the ball easy enough, but they cannot field it. It will be readily seen therefore that to excel in fielding not only requires a natural aptitude for ball-playing, but constant practice and thorough training. A heavy-built, muscular clod-hopper can go up to the bat and send a ball flying to the center-field out of the reach of the most active fielder; but to be able to creditably and skillfully fulfill the duties of any position in the field of a base-ball nine requires not only the activity, strength, endurance and agility of a man possessing fine physique, but the pluck, courage, judgment, nerve, and perception of one having mental ability to a great extent. It certainly does not require much brain-work to hit hard at a ball, strong arms and a quick sight being sufficient. But no fool can play ball in the field with skill. There something else is needed, and that something is brains. It is therefore plainly to be seen that if one desire to judge of a ball-player's ability to excel in the game, we are not to look at his batting record, but to that of his fielding, for there is to be found the only true test of his skill as a player.

Many years after the inauguration of base-ball as our national field game, it was the custom among the crowd of spectators at a match to applaud the results of heavy batting as the main feature of the game. Of course the natural result was the growth of a *furor* for heavy hitting with its sequence of large scores, until the patrons of the game began to be disgusted with the tedium of watching men run round the bases for dozens of home runs in a game, the scores at times reaching over a hundred runs. We witnessed a match in 1867, in St. Louis, one hot July day, when the Washington Nationals defeated the St. Louis Unions by a score of 113 to 26. Just think of a crowd nowadays standing four hours in the sun with the thermometer 104! in the shade, watching a nine score 113 runs. Such a display would be hissed by the patrons of our ball-fields of 1876; yet the Athletics used to exceed this score frequently, at one time running up a score of 163 in a game. Another club in Buffalo, in 1868, scored 202! runs in a game. When such muffin work as this is contrasted with some of the poorest games played during 1876, the comparison gives the latter the palm with ease.

The fact is the frequenters of our ball-fields have been trained to appreciate fielding skill as the great attractive feature of the game, and can now no more tolerate the muffin style of play which characterizes heavy batting games than they can patiently stand by and see games "sold" by knavish tricksters. We know of no field sport in existence which presents such a combination of attractive features as a game of base-ball does, in which two skilled nines are seen struggling in the ninth inning of a contest to score the first run of the match. To see a player at the bat open the innings with a three-base hit, only to see the inning close with his being left there owing to the splendid strategy of the pitcher and the fine support given him in the field, is to see a phase of ball-playing unequaled in the deep and absorbing interest and the intense excitement connected with it.

The season of 1876 was marked by many just such closely-contested games. The records of the season's play show that two games were played which at the end of the ninth inning not a run was scored on either side. One was in Boston on the occasion of the match on May 25 between the Bostons and Cincinnatis, the score by innings being as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

On June 10 another such game was played in Brooklyn between the Cincinnati and Mutual nines, the score being as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

This is as near perfection in play as can be reached. In both these contests the spectators were wrought to a pitch of intense excitement. Base-hits on both sides were made, and at one time two and three bases were occupied, but before a run could be scored the side was out. This is the beauty of the game, and our base-ball patrons have of late years become so delighted with small score games that they will no longer tolerate the muffin contests marked by double figure scores. In the statistical record of the season's play of 1876 it is shown that there were no less than sixty games played by prominent clubs in the professional arena which required from ten to seventeen innings' play before a victory could be obtained. There were thirteen games played in which the score of the winning nine did not exceed a single run.

The seventeen innings' game was that played at Providence, June 7, between the Rhode Island nine of Providence and the Taunton, of Taunton, the score being 4 to 2 in favor of the Rhode Island at the end of the seventeenth inning.

A sixteen inning game was played at Louisville, July 10, between the Mutuals of this city and the Louisville nine, the former winning at the end of the sixteenth inning by 8 to 5. Four games were played during the season marked by fifteen innings; three by fourteen; three by thirteen, and six by twelve innings, the eleven and ten inning games being very numerous. To show how skillfully the majority of the games which took place in the League arena were played, it is but necessary to mention the fact that no less than one hundred and forty-two were won in one inning; that is, the score of one inning's play on the winning side exceeded the total score in the full game on the losing side. In this respect Chicago stands first on the record, showing the finest fielding, St. Louis is second, and Hartford third.

The record of these model contests is as follows:

Date	Match		
	BY LEAGUE CLUBS.		
May 5,	St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis	1 to	0
June 10,	Mutual vs. Cincinnati, Br'kl'n (10 in.)	1	0
" 17,	Hartford vs. Louisville, at Hartford	1	0
	BY OUTSIDE CLUBS.		
June 20,	Rhode Island vs. Taunton, at Prov.	1	0
July 14,	St. Louis Reds vs. Capital City, at Indianapolis, Ind	1	0
" 21,	Buckeye vs. N. Haven, at Columbus	1	0
" 26,	Live Oak vs Rhode Island, at Prov.	1	0
" 28,	St. Louis Reds vs. Memphis Blues, at Memphis, Tenn	1	0
Aug. 3,	Ithaca vs. Cricket, Bingh'mpt'n, N. Y.	1	0
Sept. 4,	Cass vs. Mutual, Jackson, Mich. (9 in.)	1	0
" 5,	Star vs. St. Louis Reds, at Syracuse	1	0
" 22,	Star vs. Hartford, at Syracuse, N. Y.	1	0
" 23,	New Haven vs. Yale, at New Haven	1	0
Oct. 6,	Mutual vs. Olympic, at Paterson, N. J. (7 inn.)	1	0

NEW YORK Saturday Journal A HOME WEEKLY

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 9, 1876.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

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THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

A Tale of the Minnesota Woods and Waters.

Full of the spirit of the woods, and alive with the excitement of adventure and brave deeds of the Boy Brigade and their comrades in peril, during the Sioux outbreak in 1862, when the north-west settlements suffered so dreadfully. The Boy Brigade, of which Sure-Shot Seth was chief, readily abandoned their Cabin in the Woods, where they had their Hunter's and Trapper's Home, to become Indian Trailers and the Settler's Hope. What they did, and how they did it, makes a story of

BOY HEROES AND BOY EXPLOITS

that will be a source of delight to every one. A Dutch Boy, a Yankee Boy, a Colored Boy, an Irish Boy, an Indian Boy, and Sure-Shot Seth constitute the Brigade; but there are, in addition, several boys of the settlement—one of whom, a half-breed, becomes a Boy Chief of the Sioux, and traitor to his people, and runs through the story as its evil genius, whom the odd, queer, funny Old Joyful Jim, an ex-trader, helps the Brigade to hunt down. Then comes in as, after all, the leading interest of the exciting drama, the

STRANGE ADVENTURES UNDER THE WATERS OF THE LAKE!

in which two sweet girls are made to undergo most singular vicissitudes and dangers.

It is one of Oll Coomes' finest creations, and its attractiveness and spirit is in fine contrast with the many preposterous, absurd and silly things spread before readers of some of the professed boys' papers.

☞ THE public expectation regarding Grace Mortimer's Great Story of Three Continents, viz.:

THE RED CROSS:

A Romance of the Accursed Coins,

will not be a disappointment. It is a remarkable production, adding greatly to the author's already fine reputation, and will be considered—taken all in all—as the Most Powerful Work of Fiction that has been given for the last ten years.

Sunshine Papers.

That Horrible Day.

WILL not some philanthropist, who has at heart the good of the whole human race and especially of womankind, endeavor to get a new bill passed through Congress? A bill by which that horrible day—Friday—shall be expunged from the calendar, or, at least, be voted a new name. Why, the passage of such a bill would ease more feminine afflictions than universal suffrage. I say feminine afflictions, because women seem to realize to a greater degree than men the woes that are visited upon unfortunate humanity through the diabolical influence of that awful sixth day of the week. Men, somehow, are such stupid creatures they do not so often trace direful results to their true source and lay all the blame that it deserves upon the *unluckiness* of Friday, which, really, is accountable for so much that goes wrong in the world. So much! Why, who knows but that by a careful deduction of facts concerning all evils, and a faithful investigation of the primary causes that resulted in such effects, we might find that Friday, unlucky Friday, is the prime factor of all in the world that is as it should not be. Who shall dare assert that the existence of evil in the universe at all, comes not directly from the fact that there was a Friday among the days of the week?

"Start for Philadelphia, my dear, on Friday?" says one amiable woman. "Oh, dear, no! Let us wait until Saturday. I never like to commence or make a jonrney on Friday; some accident would be sure to happen! Friday is such an unlucky day, you know."

We waited. I could afford to wait. Had not my mind grasped the solution to one of the greatest problems of the age? When we read of horrible catastrophes at sea, and sickening accidents by rail, we are wont to ask, "Who is responsible for this awful loss of human life?" Occasionally a fanatical editor dares to suggest careless employees and indifferent officials. But courts of investigation soon wipe such little daubs of slander off those abused individuals, and the general public, mourning relatives and friends, are left to revolve the question hopelessly in their minds, or shake their heads and murmur something about "inscrutable Providence." But, lo! light breaks through the darkness! Woman, sensible, wise, logically-minded woman, has reduced the vexed question to a perfectly clear case of cause and effect. Not "Providence," but Friday is accountable for all these dire disasters. Some erring mortal was reaping the awful retribution of rashly defying "luck" and, at some time, commencing a journey upon Friday; and the innocent were involved in the fate of the guilty.

Did I hear some one whisper that according to that theory the thousands of people who journey upon Friday should invariably meet with accidents; and that all awful explosions and collisions should happen upon that especial day? Oh, my dear unbeliever, any seeming discrepancies in this wonderful elucidation of what has so long been an awful mystery may be reconciled quite easily, upon the ground that many sinners live long without meeting with their just deserts, and are apt to meet them when least they look to do so. You and I can recall plenty of such cases.

"Why do I persist in cutting out these garments to-night?" asks my friend. "Well, I know I'm weary, and the hour is late; but, you see, to-morrow will be Friday, and work begun on a Friday is always an age in getting finished, or meets with some kind of ill-luck."

As this light of advanced civilization and Christianity breaks into the heretofore heathenish darkness of my mind I form a firm resolve. If ever I'm made to go into a tempest of tears and passion again, because the dressmaker fails to send home a new suit when promised, I shall immediately visit the woman and ascertain if she allows any work to be commenced in her establishment upon Fridays. Doubtless I shall find that she does; and I shall seek consolation in the performance of a duty toward the remainder of my sex. I shall solemnly warn them to withhold future patronage from the conscienceless individual who risks all chances of keeping her word with her customers by bringing upon their work the "luck of Friday."

"Have my baby christened upon Friday?" exclaims a mother, with an indignant and suspicious glance that seems to add, "Are you a Herodian? Do you wish to slaughter the innocent?"

"Get married on Friday?" cries the fair affiance. "Oh, not for worlds!" And she turns pale and shudders at the thought of the horrors that might visit her hymeneal bliss were she to allow its inauguration upon so ominous a day.

That horrible, horrible day. If it could be done away with what a happy world this might be. Probably our procrastinated plans would be executed; lagging work completed; our clothes would all fit us artistically, and always be done at the appointed time; babies would be less familiar with the measles, bumps, and colic, and courts with divorce suits and alimony cases; railroad massacres and steamboat horrors would be heard of no more, and we should be able to think with calm content of the friends that the stress of circumstances compelled us to inter upon the day after Thursday!

Oh! unlucky, fateful Friday! I marvel that the same atmosphere sustains us, and the same sun shines upon us on that day, as upon others, when those particular twenty-four hours of each week are so fraught with woe!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

INCONSIDERATE PEOPLE

MR. A. is inconsiderate in this manner: He has nothing to do but ride around and enjoy life, but he *will* rein up his horse by the roadside to have a chat with Farmer W. who is working hard and *has* to work hard, for many dear ones depend upon the labor of his hands for their support. Now, Mr. A. talks upon the most commonplace, unimportant subjects, and idles away from half to three-quarters of an hour, doing himself no good and doing Farmer W. much harm. A farmer's time is most always valuable and cannot afford to be wasted. Mr. A. is most inconsiderate because he doesn't take time to think how he is hindering the farmer from necessary duty. If he wishes to waste his own time he has no right to waste that of others. Maybe Farmer W. is inconsiderate enough in not gently hinting to Mr. A. that he has work which must be accomplished. He may be afraid to offend Mr. A. Why? Simply because Mr. A. is rich! I think that tells much of the story, don't you?

Mrs. B. is inconsiderate, for Mrs. C. has just concluded her call upon her and is leaving the door-step when Mrs. B. thinks of something she ought to have said before, and so keeps Mrs. C. waiting a full half-hour in saying what should have been said in the parlor. Now, these two good ladies are right in a draft, and there have been sights of cold caught in this manner, and many a doctor's bill would be saved if persons would but do their chatting inside the house and not on the door-step. Folks are too inconsiderate to heed this. They will call me an "old poke" for advising them to drop this habit of farewell words—half indoors and half out—and will strive to put me down and tell me I have done the same thing myself, or I wouldn't know quite so much about it. They are right; I *do* know about it; I know well enough that I haven't had so many coughs since I have left off chattering at the front door, and I just advise others to do the same thing—that is, leave it off!

When a holiday arrives and a procession is about to pass the windows of Mr. D.'s store or Mr. F.'s office, how inconsiderate persons are to call at these places at such a time, without an invitation! It seems to me that if they were wanted they *would* be invited, and it also seems to me they must have very bad manners for them not to consider that Messrs. D. and F. may have their own relatives and friends whom they much prefer to have occupy their windows than comparative strangers. Some people will always force themselves where they are *not* invited. They go into the country—to visit people whom they have merely once met—to while away the hot summer; expect every one must leave their work to entertain them, actually expect their host and hostess to provide them with every dainty the land affords, leave without paying one cent for their board, and then tell their city friends the folks they visited were "good enough in their way, but scarcely the ones they would like to introduce into their society!" I have heard people talk that way until I have felt as if I'd like to rap them on the head with the handle of my broom. That kind of speech which I have quoted sounds like ingratitude, and I abominate ingratitude. Going into the country without an invitation—making a convenience of the good farmer and his wife and then running them down! If I were guilty of uttering such a speech I should want to hide myself where no one could find me.

People are inconsiderate when they expect their spiritual guides to live on air—giving donation parties which cause much more trouble than they give benefit—to strive every way to let the pastor have his salary paid in a manner as though he were a beggar dependent on their bounty and did not earn the money he should receive. Why not pay the money out of their own pockets and not by way of pin-cushions and pen-wipers? They have to live as well as you. *You* want to receive high wages for what you do, and yet think *they* can live on less. How foolish and inconsiderate!

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Familiar Letter to my Friend, the Landlord.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

As I travel through this life for the benefit of mankind in general, and landlords in particular, I feel that I should possess the divine right to give you a little cheap advice in the matter of keeping a hotel, as I should be expected to know all about it, for I was the man who originally kept hotel in Indiana. Now, I don't say that you do not know and do not perform your office well, but I think you could improve upon it a little, as I will show.

You are well aware that a hotel should be kept so well that a man stopping there would feel (and wish) himself at home. They don't always produce this feeling. So I give you this advice as an offset to my bill, and if there is anything over you can settle it in any convenient way you see fit.

Always look to the wel*fare* of your guests, even if you have to neglect the other *fare*, and have everything for their comfort.

If the bed isn't soft enough, you can very easily put a few bushels more of cobs in the mattress, and try and convince the guest that there are some feathers in the pillow by having the quills of the feathers so sharpened that they will stick through the pillow-case and be as comfortable to sleep on as a soft porcupine.

If the weather is extra cold you can smother your guest by putting an extra sheet on the bed, and he can kick it off at his leisure. He will also take great pleasure, if he wants to, in getting up four or five times to put in a slat that conveniently keeps falling out, and the exercise will do him good by stirring his blood.

For fear that he should sleep too much at a time, which you know is unwholesome, you can hire a man for a small sum to rattle his door every half-hour as if by mistake; or you can have an imitation of a large trunk made, which you can keep rolling up and down stairs all night, as a kind of soothing stirup.

If the pitcher has a whole handle on it, you needn't be worried about it, my dear friend, for you can easily remedy that by knocking it off, and if it should happen to hold water, and some should accidentally be in it, it is easy to empty it out. Be sure that there is as much as three-fourths of a bowl on the stand; any more than that is only an aggravation to a well-bred guest, and he looks upon it with astonishment.

Reflect that porcelain cakes of soap will last almost as long as none at all, and do almost as much good. There is where so many landlords make a mistake; and see to it that the towel has all the signs of being a permanent fixture to the stand.

If the looking-glass has the defect of being whole, you can mend it by letting it drop on the floor a few times, so the guest can have no possible occasion to growl. A coating of grease on its face will go far toward protecting the glass from injury by being looked into so much. The bell-pull can be broken off so that the guest will not have the trouble to reach up and pull it.

Raise a fuss with any heathen individual who just for the sake of keeping warm, takes up a strip of carpet and throws it over him in bed. In the opposite case, if *he* wants to raise a disturbance about the accommodations, just let him raise it and see if it does him any good.

When the porter makes a fire in your guest's room and goes out, and the fire goes out after him also, in a few minutes, as the kindlings burn up, and there is nothing left to start it again, and the porter off down seven pairs of stairs, if the guest is any kind of a decent man he will pull up his coat-collar and sit down and take it cool.

Where it is possible always put two men in one bed so it won't be so lonesome, and always put a man who snores with one who doesn't; only one will stay awake this way, where if you put two snorers together both are likely not to get any sleep. Paste this in your hat.

If your guests complain that your sheets are not clean, tell them pretty promptly they were put on there clean and that *you* didn't dirty them. There are some people who are just that particular. If that won't answer, then take the trouble to change them—from one bed to another; do the same with the pillow if it has a sad case.

If they should say you have no accommodations for their money, you can tell them pretty suddenly that you have accommodations for all the money they have got, and more too.

You should be genteel enough to let your guests sleep as long in the morning as they wish to, or longer; considering that if they don't get up till after breakfast you will save one meal by it.

After a bed is made up once in a week it looks just as well as when it was first made up. I don't see why landlords don't think of this. I have stopped at hotels where they were so extravagant that they actually made the beds every other day, unless they got fooled in the count, and then they looked almost as well as they did before they were made up—very hard-hearted beds they were, too.

Get up a splendid bill of fare. A few victuals will be necessary sometimes, but not many. Have each article on the bill printed in six or eight foreign languages. Let your imitation beef-steaks be plentiful and your fac-simile coffee be hot; keep your substitutes for biscuit warm, and let your mock-turtle soup be hid beneath the seasonings; unreal mince pies are cheap, and last night's refused meat is easily converted into this morning's hash, which bears warming over, and is profitable. But restaurants are common now, and you needn't waste your time on victuals.

Wear a watch-chain according to the size of your dignity, and if you can keep out of sight when you are wanted, all right. If you forget yourself and happen to smile upon any occasion you can easily apologize; they'll forgive you if they are gentlemen. If you have a clerk, or boot-black, who doesn't look and act like he owned the house, turn him off, or ship him if he gets distressingly accommodating to the guests.

It is your duty as a host to be host-ile to the public, and if you follow these rules and lose money by it, you can charge it to me, and I'll come back and board it out.

Land-lordly yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Truth seldom goes without a scratched face.

Topics of the Time.

—Foot ball is a more dangerous game than either cricket or base-ball. It has never been a popular field sport in America, although of late years it has been introduced at the College of New Jersey, Yale, Brown and many other colleges. In England the extreme violence with which it is played often leads to fatal results. On Oct. 21, during a match between two clubs at Stockport, one of the players kicked off after half-time, and rushing after the ball ran against one of the players and fell to the ground. He sprung to his feet and declared that he was uninjured, but pluck could not save him. He died within 48 hours from internal injuries.

—New Orleans is alarmed at the slow decrease of her trade. She once furnished groceries to nearly all the Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee Valleys. With the exception of a few car-loads of sugar and molasses she sends nothing now to the Tennessee and Cumberland, and but little to the Ohio. New York, Philadelphia, and especially Baltimore, supply the groceries of every kind to the Western States and to the distributing centers of Cincinnati, Louisville and Nashville.

—The biggest tree in California is not in the Yosemite Valley. King's River Valley, in Fresno county, is 5,000 feet above the sea, and its walls, which are about 3,000 feet high, are very precipitous. In this valley a new grove of colossal redwood trees has been discovered. One of them eclipses all that have been discovered on the Pacific Coast. Its circumference, as high as a man can reach and pass a tape line around, is a few inches less than 140 feet. This is beyond the measurement of any tree in the Calaveras grove. The hight is estimated at 140 feet; and a part of the top lying on the ground is over 100 feet in length.

—The *Methodist Recorder* says: "It is about the season now for church sociables. The little games of chance, incipient lotteries, palaver, pious deceit and shoving of trifles into visitors' possession, in return for their surplus cash—all this doubtful business is likely to begin. As managed, too many such enterprises result in putting brass into young ladies' faces while taking the silver out of young gentlemen's pockets. Money so raised is more apt to be an abomination than a blessing. Why should the people be inveigled into doing their duty? If churches cannot be built, and the gospel supported, without resorting to means which are both silly and demoralizing, let there be no building and no preaching. Christianity is worthy of honest patronage, and is only hindered by any other. Jesus Christ is not a child, to be amused with trinkets. He is the man of men, and asks manly service and candid discipleship."

—The eighth National Cat Show was lately opened at the Crystal Palace, London. There were 308 cats on exhibition. Some were arrayed in white, gray and silver dresses, and some had coats of wire that emitted phosphoric sparks when the fur was rubbed the wrong way. One of the exhibitors set a value of £25,000 on "Little Brownie," a short-haired tabby aged three years. This highly-esteemed little puss was described in the catalogue as being of thoroughbred descent from cats in the possession of the owner and her father for nearly 30 years, and a tabulated pedigree for seven generations framed and glazed was affixed to the sales office in the palace. Notwithstanding the feats of Little Brownie, who was reported to be a famous rat-catcher, having on many occasions dispatched five rats in a minute, the judges awarded in this class the first prize to another cat, which the owner valued at the more modest figure of £4.

—There has been a household tradition in regard to the propriety of salting a bird's tail before catching it, but Mother Goose has never hinted that it would be well to throw sand in the eyes of a bear. Mr. Smith—Mr. Jesse Smith, of Ellis county, Texas, to be more accurate—has adopted this novel device with striking success. He and his wife were walking home one evening two weeks ago on the railroad track, and were talking about a tea-party at which they had been present. Suddenly a large black bear crossed the track. Smith—Jesse, the aforesaid—though unarmed, was not inclined to desert his wife. A happy thought—sand. The soil was sandy, and gathering up a handful he rushed toward bruin and threw it into his face. The bear recoiled. Smith repeated the experiment and compelled the enemy to retreat. Whereupon the ingenious and conquering hero took his wife's arm and hurried down the railroad track in the direction of the little Smiths.

—The brightness of the lamps in the light-houses of our coasts frequently produces great destruction among the birds. As they fly along the beach in the gloom of evening, or seek the shelter of the land when the ocean breezes blow too strong for their comfort or pleasure, they are dazzled by the brilliancy of the lights in the towers, and frequently fly blindly against the glass of the building, crushing and breaking their bones, and often killing them instantly. A Jacksonville, Florida, paper says that one night, a short time since, vast numbers flew against the tower at Maryport and were killed, or so badly bruised that they crawled away to die. It is said one of the light-keepers swept off in the morning six hundred dead birds from the top of the tower, and that many others were scattered on the ground at its foot. This is a novel enemy certainly to the feathered tribe. No wonder the birds yearly decrease in numbers.

—The terrible tarantula is one of the most unpleasant products of the South-west. This past fall the creatures have been especially plentiful in Texas and Mexico. A Pueblo paper tells of one of its citizen's experience with the venomous insect, who, putting on a pair of pants that had hung on the wall of his house a week, unused, was stung in four places before he could draw the garment off. Shaking the pants a small tarantula fell to the floor and was killed. Medical aid was summoned and whisky given freely. "Everything," says the paper, "within reach, known to the medical science, was resorted to without relief to the strong man, who suffered during that long Sunday afternoon excruciating tortures. Finally he was removed to his cabin, about a mile from the city, on the Goldsmith ranche, where it was thought he would soon die, but about 11 o'clock on Sunday night his attendants noticed a change in him for the better take place, and from that time he kept on improving, and is at present out of danger. His medical attendants attribute his recovery to the whisky administered to him.

—The salmon product of the Columbia River, Oregon, including not only the fish shipped, but also those consumed by the fishermen themselves, will this year reach the immense total of 40,000,000 pounds. The salmon are either salted and packed in barrels or canned fresh. In the latter form it is in great demand in all parts of the world, and hundreds of thousands of cases, containing each four dozen cans, which latter weigh a pound and a quarter apiece, are annually put up. Of these England alone takes 165,000; New Zealand, 2,400; South America, 1,500; Australia, 14,000; New York and the Atlantic coast, 58,000. The value of the canned salmon of the Columbia River is estimated at $3,000,000 annually.

—A school for ladies has been opened in Berlin on a plan decidedly novel, but very practical. The building contains lodging-rooms for forty girls, school-rooms, working-rooms, an immense kitchen and a permanent bazaar. In the school-rooms every branch that will fit the girls for situations in banking, commercial or mercantile establishments is taught. Various trades that ladies can follow are exemplified by skilled operatives. The kitchen is, perhaps, the chief school-room, for all the work there is done by the girls under the supervision of one of the best cooks in the city. This feature has become so popular, from the large number of betrothed maidens who flock hither to obtain good domestic educations, that the managers have begun to charge for instruction in cookery, and the receipts generally pay the expenses of the other departments.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: Poems by B. E.; "The Season's Lesson;" "A Spirit Song;" "Mrs Jenkins' Soiree;" "A Swift Revenge;" "The Lost Ring;" "A New Dress;" "The Last Love."

Accepted: "Tramps;" "Unto the Perfect Day;" "Imperfect Trust;" "Just an Everyday Affair;" "A Prophecy;" "A Mother's Memories;" "A Line of Love;" "Asking for a Kiss;" "Old Loves and New Hates;" "The False Drawer's Gift;" "Mrs. or Miss?" "All is Fair to Win."

ISA. Wash the hair with a decoction of gentian leaves and ammoniated water.

SPENCER T. Send along your dollar. Of course we send the paper post paid.

IRENE E. S. We can't very well advise. School correspondence much distracts the mind, but in this case may be permitted.

PHILADELPHIA SCHOOLBOY. We have two or three stories of the kind you indicate to use in due season. See announcement of Oll Coomes' new story.

ANNE B. Return the ring unless you comply with the wager. You should not make bets. If you do, pay when you lose, no matter what the penalty.

EDDIE GREATHEART. Do not "look longingly" at the navy. It is not a desirable place for a lad of your evident intelligence. Far better learn some good trade or business.

CONSTANT READER. Nothing will keep a horse clean but daily use of the currycomb and brush—especially the latter. Use no "washes" whatever. About sixty well-known papers are published in New York city, but nearly twice that number are dated from here.—Governor Tilden's address until January 1st is Albany, N. Y.

BASHFUL BEN. Nothing will cure you of the habit you deplore so much but mixing in society, and in striving to be agreeable to others, forgetting yourself entirely. Bashfulness is a form of self-consciousness.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER. "A set of china" is very vague. We have seen a set worth $6,000 and others that were $5. Single plates can cost $100. You must give a more definite idea of what you want. A very fair "tea set" can be had for from $17 to $25.

MARY T. asks for some application to remove the stiff, unpleasant feeling and roughness of the hands after washing clothes. Wash your hands well in weak cider vinegar and water, dry thoroughly; repeat this two or three times, and your hands will feel soft and pleasant again.

HARRY B. Consult a lawyer. We decline giving any advice in your case, unless you will take the one that any reasonable, disinterested party will give you—namely: try to settle your quarrel with your wife, and live peacefully together. You seem more anxious about the money than either your own or your wife's happiness.

IDA A. C. To travel comfortably, on shipboard, you should have a stout, warm suit that you will not mind mussing and that you will never need to wear when you land. Also, provide yourself with a warm waterproof, a traveling-rug, and a hood. Take as little luggage as possible. You had better buy what you need upon the other side.

EDDY T. We should say, quit smoking. To remove the tobacco-stains from the teeth use the following: hydrochloric acid, one drachm; essence of almonds, half drachm; spirits of wine, one ounce; distilled water, one ounce; mix the acid and essence together, and add the other ingredients. A few drops on the tooth-brush, and used in the usual manner, will be found to produce a permanent effect. A tooth-powder for the same purpose: Prepared chalk, two ounces; powdered myrrh, two drachms; powdered catechu, two drachms; powdered alum, two drachms; chloride of lime, one drachm; oil of cloves, ten drops; mix together well, and keep in a stopped bottle.

CHARLEY C., Dayton, O. "What were the names and attributes of the nine Muses?" The nine Muses were: Calliope, the muse of Epic Poetry and Eloquence; Clio, the muse of History; Melpomene, the muse of Tragedy; Euterpe, the muse of Music; Erato, the muse of Lyric Poetry; Terpsichore, the muse of Dancing; Urania, the muse of Astronomy; Thalia, the muse of Comedy; and Polymnia, the muse of Singing.—You say you have a "puzzler" you would like answered, if we take any notice of your letter. Send us the "puzzler," and we will puzzle it out for you, if possible.

BRAVO BOB, Bristol, asks: "How should a gentleman ask a lady to dance with him? How should a gentleman ask to escort a lady home? How should a gentleman ask a lady to escort her to a dance? What should a gentleman say to a lady on leaving her at her seat after dancing with her?" A *gentleman*, or any person with ordinary common sense, could surely think of some words wherewith to make known his wishes and sentiments upon each of these occasions. Nevertheless we will make a few suggestions 1. "May I have the pleasure of this dance with you, Miss Smith?" 2. "Have you any company home, Miss Smith? If not, I should be delighted to act as your escort." 3. "Miss Smith, may I have the honor of taking you to the dance at Maple Hall, next Thursday evening?" 4. "Thank you, Miss Smith. I have enjoyed this dance exceedingly." Using these sentences as merely suggestive of what is the correct thing to say, endeavor to improve upon them in language of your own.

THEODORE G. T. asks: "Is it out of the way for one gentleman writing to another to address the envelope in this way: J. A Jones—? By an answer to this you will settle a disputed question." The address should read, *Mr.* J. A. Jones, or J. A. Jones, *Esq.* It is considered more polite to pay a man the amount of respect to which he is entitled by the use of Mr. or Esquire; and in the United States every man has the right to expect that one of these titles shall be added to his name.

CLARE S. T. writes: "I am married and have two children and a husband that is almost unendurable. He is often very unkind and cruel to me and my children. Am I bound to live with a man who abuses me? And if I should leave him, what could I do to support myself and children? If you will only give me some advice, for I don't know what to do." You are not compelled to live with a man who abuses you; but we should advise you to think well of the matter before you decide to take your children away from a father's protection and support. We do not know what you could do, because you do not intimate what abilities for self-support you possess. Try to be as gentle, and patient, and pleasing as possible, for awhile longer, and perhaps matters will change for the better.

WILSON O. P., Baltimore, says: "For two years I have been engaged, and my marriage is fixed for the coming winter. But I am just offered a fine position in a distant city—if I will accept it as a single man, and remain so for three years. The position is exceedingly lucrative and opens an opportunity for an assured future and competency, but I cannot bear to think of going away from the young lady to whom I am engaged. Besides, do you think I ought to ask such a sacrifice of her?" If your giving up the offered position, and marrying this winter, only involves more patient industry and perhaps the practice of economy, we should say stay. Probably the lady would prefer to share a few trials with you than defer your union for so long a time We do not approve of long engagements. Yet, if you truly love each other, a few years of separation ought not to come between you and happiness. Why not lay the whole matter before the lady, and give her the right to decide to marry you now, and share your cramped conditions with you, or to send you away to win prosperity?

M. J. W. writes: "Will you suggest to a young housekeeper what pictures, that will be quite inexpensive, she should choose for her dining-room; what for her sleeping-rooms; and what for a combined library, sitting-room, and parlor? Perhaps you think it rather peculiar for a young lady furnishing her own home not to know what to choose without advice; but while fond of pictures, I have had little opportunity, heretofore, to indulge my taste, and live rather out of town, and would like to make appropriate selections. If you will take the trouble to help me a little, I shall feel very grateful." Of course we will help you, and that right gladly. Do not overcrowd your room with pictures; a few good ones, well hung, will give you more exquisite pleasure than a quantity of cheap trash. Perhaps you might buy a few at a time, and so really fine ones. For the dining-room choose flowers, game, fruit, fish, birds, hunting and farm-yard scenes. Panel-shaped pictures, in pairs, or a single panel, may be used to the best advantage in a dining-room. For instance, if you have six pictures to select, say there are two panels—a string of fish and a brace of birds, a handsome chromo of some *one kind* of fruit, two flower pictures—a bunch of lilacs and a trail of water-lilies or pink arbutus, and a hunting scene, or pretty chromo of some scene introducing domestic animals or fowls. In the sleeping-rooms hang little landscapes and marine views—some very pretty ones come in the simple passe partout frames—photographed statuary, flowers, humorous pictures, and beautiful faces of children. For your sitting-room select a few choice engravings and have them framed neatly to suit yourself; there is the engraving of The Huguenots, The Holy Family—from a famous German cartoon—Meditation, Lady Godiva, Beatrice Cenci, The Answer, etc. Engravings, photographs, and flowers are much more refined for a parlor than chromos.

☞ *Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.*

OLDEN MEMORIES.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

The winds blow out of the amber west,
 Dewy and heavy with shadows,
Over the clover-laden fields—
 Over the daisied meadows;
While through the woodland shadows dim
 I saw the river gleaming,
And the firefly's glow in the purple gloom
 That ended the day's sweet dreaming.

A crimson cloud from the distant west
 Drooped down with the sunset's splendor,
And the rustling boughs of the lofty pines
 Came like a whisper tender,
And seemed to murmur in weird-like tones
 Of a voice that is hushed forever—
And of footsteps that wandered away from my side
 And crossed o'er the shadowy river.

I saw where the young moon's pearly rim
 Was flushing the east with glory,
And I listened in vain for a loving voice
 That had whispered the old, old story—
Whispered it low to my trusting heart,
 And I knew that soft glances were reading
The secret my blushes unconscious betrayed
 At an eager and passionate pleading.

Ah! if one could come back from the dim Unknown
 And whisper the passionate story,
As in the blossoming summers agone
 And autumns replete with a glory!
But the mystical river that ever is sweeping
 Our loved ones away on its shadows
Brings never a promise of sweetness to me
 From the gates of the glorious meadows!

Great Adventurers.

JAMES COOK,

The First Sailor of his Age.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

THE story of this great sailor's service to science, to navigation, and to his country, suffices for a volume of unsurpassed interest and instruction. His skill, his courage, his persistence in the pursuit of an object, well qualified him for exploring in unknown seas and for tracing unknown lands; and Great Britain acquired, through his voyages, discoveries and surveys, title to some of her most prized possessions.

James Cook was born Oct. 27th, 1728, in Yorkshire, England. The son of a farm laborer, he was of too humble circumstances in early life to acquire even a grammar-school education, and was, at an early age, apprenticed to a haberdasher in the fishing town of Straiths. There the sight of the sea inspired in him a longing for its life, and procuring an honorable discharge from his indentures, he took service in the coal trade from Whitly. In this dirty work he rose from common hand to the position of mate. In 1755 he entered the royal navy, and there soon acquired the reputation of skillful seaman and good under-officer. By the intercession of his captain, Palliser (afterward Sir Hugh), Cook was made sailing-master of the sloop-of-war Grampus, then of the Mercury, which participated in Wolfe's attack on Quebec. In that brilliant undertaking he gave signal proofs of his skill and bravery by taking soundings of the river opposite the French batteries, and so admirably reported the water line, currents and soundings that, after the fall of the noted fortress, he was assigned to the work of making a chart of the St. Lawrence river from Quebec to the sea. This he accomplished in a highly satisfactory manner, and for many years it remained as the sole chart in use for that stream. Considering that his education had been meager and rudimentary, and that he had never studied surveying or draughting, this success was quite a marvel.

He was now transferred to the man-of-war Northumberland, as master, and remained on that fine ship until his return to England, in 1762. On her the opportunity occurred, in the winter of 1759-60, of study, and he then entered with avidity upon the acquisition of a knowledge of the higher mathematics, affording an example that many a man of thirty-two might well emulate, to his own advancement. His acquisitions and experience indicated him as the proper person to survey the Newfoundland islands and "banks," and when Sir Hugh Palliser was named Governor of Newfoundland, in 1764, he appointed Cook Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labrador. In this arduous office he remained for four years, producing accurate charts of the coasts, and in his reports giving interesting information regarding the countries.

Cook was, in 1767, selected as master of the ship Endeavor, assigned to the astronomical and exploring expedition, sent out by the British Government, under Sir Joseph Becks, in the South Pacific Ocean. He was made lieutenant by commission, and during the four years of that remarkable cruise added enormously to the geographical knowledge of the South Seas. He mapped Otaheite (where the transit of Venus was observed by Sir Joseph) and the rest of the Society Islands group; then he put out to explore the unknown seas around the South Pole—where a continent was supposed to exist, as an equivalent for, and physical balance to, the continents of the north. Oct. 6th he sighted lofty lands, which, however, proved to be New Zeland—not seen by Europeans since its discovery by Tasman, in 1642. Six months were occupied in its careful survey and exploration, but the warlike nature of its cannibal inhabitants made it impossible to venture much on land.

Turning west, Cook reached New Holland, April 20th, 1770, and coasted slowly along its dangerous eastern sea line for two thousand miles, from latitude 38° to its northern limit at Torres strait. There he formally took possession of the land observed and outlined, in the name of Great Britain, and christened the country New South Wales.

Passing on to New Guiana, by sailing between it and New Holland, he demonstrated that it was an island, and not, as had been supposed, a portion of the island-continent of New Holland.

From New Guiana he sailed by Timor and the south coast of Java to Batavia, which he reached Oct. 9th, 1770, and there was forced to remain for seventy-five days, to repair the ship, which had suffered severely in wear and tear, especially in its adventure along the reef-lined shores of New South Wales. But, the climate of Batavia, to this day pestilent and fatal to Europeans, made sad work with his brave crew. Seven died in port, and twenty-three more succumbed to the malarial fever ere the cool climate of the Cape of Good Hope was reached.

The Endeavor arrived in England June 12th, 1771, having prosecuted the most interesting and fruitful voyage yet accomplished by any English explorer. The lieutenant was promoted to commander, and from his and Sir Joseph's journals and reports, and the records of several other voyages of discovery prosecuted under the auspices of the British Government, during the reign of George III., a superb work was compiled, under the supervision of Dr. Hawkesworth, and published at the expense of the government.

Cook's voyage settled several important points, namely, that New Zeland was not a part of a Southern Continent, the supposed *Terra Australis Incognita*; that New Holland was but a vast island, and not a portion of that continent; that New Guiana was an island, and not a portion of New Holland; and that, if a Southern Continent really did exist, it must lie to the south of latitude 40°.

The Government, determined to solve the problem of such a continent, fitted out two ships—the Resolution and the Adventure—which, under chief command of Cook, were to penetrate to the far south, to circumnavigate the globe there and to traverse the Pacific in all unexamined directions, in the remote south.

The vessels departed on this very adventurous and important quest, July 12th, 1772; left Cape of Good Hope Nov. 22d, and for four months pressed the search in high southern latitudes—between 20° east longitude (Greenwich observatory) and 170°, and reaching on the south to latitude 57° 17′. No land was there observed, and this decided that the Southern Continent had no existence on that side of the globe; or, if land there was, it lay wholly within the ice line, and therefore was commercially valueless.

This determined, he sailed for New Zeland, reaching that island March 26th, 1773. The winter months (equivalent to our summer) was spent among the Society Islands and its peaceful natives. In November, Cook started again for the south, and added another section to his circumnavigation of the sphere. His extreme southing was 71° 10′—where the line of ice was struck. Then he steered northward and traversed the Pacific from Easter Island to the New Hebrides, discovering tle large island of New Caledonia.

Wintering at New Zeland and the Society Islands (1773), in November he once more pushed for the extreme south, to take up his line of search where last abandoned, but found no land whatever; all was one vast sea of ice along the circuit, and he turned from his track, northward, to observe the unknown south line of Terra-del-fuego. From Cape Horn he stood southward again, to close up the circuit of his exploration and thus fulfill his orders to the letter—to circumnavigate the globe in the southern ocean. He discovered Sandwich land—in latitude 59° 13′ west, and about longitude 22°. This was then literally the Southern Thule, as he called it—a most desolate region indeed, ice-locked and berg-haunted, where no living thing was, save the monsters of the frigid waters.

Thence he cruised eastward, until he reached his first line of search nearly in the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, and thus completed the circuit of the globe. With a worn ship, and provisions nearly exhausted, he was compelled to forego further exploration, and ran for home, coming into port July 30th, 1774.

In this memorable voyage he sailed over twenty thousand leagues, and brought his ship back without the loss of mast, spar or yard, and his crew nearly intact—a striking proof of his masterly skill as sailor, and his efficiency as director and commander. Government recognized this merit, and his great services, by the commission of post captain, and he was assigned to the important position of captain of the Greenwich Hospital, in view of his astonishing success in preserving the perfect health of his crew in so long a voyage and under such varied climates and conditions. He was also elected a member of the Royal Society, and prepared for it a paper on his methods of treatment and management at sea, for which the Copley Medal was bestowed on him.

He prepared for publication the records of this second voyage, which did him much credit, both as narrator and observer, and which, to this day, is greatly prized by book collectors and students of history and adventure.

Cook was, however, soon drawn from the ease and repose he had so well earned. The British Government having decided to prosecute further discoveries and explorations in the Arctic region, from the north-west course of North America, Cook volunteered to the command. Two ships—the Resolution and Discovery—were as perfectly fitted and equipped as possible, and the expedition left Plymouth July 12th, 1776.

Among other orders for the voyage he was to revisit the chain of islands in the southern sea, where he had twice wintered, "to disseminate and naturalize" a considerable number of the useful animals of Europe, wholly unknown to the southern lands. This he did, scattering over the remote island world a large number of domestic animals and fowls that now are chief sources of comfort to the people. The whole of that year and the first months of 1777 were passed in cruising around among the various groups, and only reached the Friendly Islands too late in the season to reach the northern seas that year; so he cruised around the Polynesian Archipelago, and on January 18th, 1778, sighted a new island group, which he named the Sandwich Islands. From thence he pushed on to the north-west coast of North America, and paused in Nootka Sound a month, to put the ships in perfect condition for the contemplated trial to pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The whole region was then an unknown domain. Behring had discovered the straits which now bear his name, but whither they led no one knew. To solve this question was Cook's work, and in solving it to resolve also the problem of a passage around the north of northern Europe or America.

Running up the coast, late in April, he examined each inlet of the sea, hoping to discover a new passage to the east. In this way he explored Cook's Inlet, but found it land-locked; so, doubling the peninsula of Alaska, he headed for Behring's Straits. He there made careful astronomical observations and surveys, and fixed the latitude and longitude of the landheads on either side of the strait. Then he attempted the sea to the east, only to be stopped by ice, in latitude 70° 40′. He cruised around until the last of August, when the accumulating ice drove him back, and he slowly "retreated" before it, examining the coast-line with considerable care, as he retired—baffled in his search for an open way to the east, but not discouraged.

He then returned to the Sandwich Islands to prosecute further discoveries there, and to survey the group during the winter, with the purpose of returning the next spring to the Arctic sea. Reaching the Sandwich group he discovered the two large islands of Owyhee and Mowee. He spent ten weeks on and around Owyhee—from December 1st, 1778, to February 13th, 1779. That night one of the Discovery's small boats was stolen by the hitherto most peaceful natives. On the 14th he went ashore to recover it. The natives, knowing his purpose and fearing punishment, refused to let him advance, and finally resorted to their clubs to drive the whites to their boat. Cook thereupon ordered the men to fire, but though several of the savages were slain, they rushed upon the crew in such numbers as drove them in confusion to the boat. Cook was the last to seek the boat, but before he could enter it he was grappled by the now terribly excited islanders. He fought desperately, but was knocked down with clubs, and then quickly dispatched right before the eyes of his men. Seeing that tragedy consummated which they were not quick and ready enough to prevent, they pulled away to the ships, to report the melancholy news. Immediately a strong party under Captain Clark went ashore, but so rapidly had the savages moved in their horrid work that only the bones of their dead commander were found—the flesh had all been cut from them by the cannibals.

This sad event did not retard the prosecution of the voyage, for Captain Clark assuming command again penetrated Behring's Straits, in May, 1779, but was unable to enter the ice-covered sea as far as in the previous year; so turned homeward by way of the East Indies and the Cape of Good Hope, reaching England in safety in October, 1780.

News of the death of the great navigator produced a deep impression. Having risen from humble life to occupy a proud position among distinguished men, he was a favorite with all classes, and the work he accomplished so advanced the interests of his people, that government and people alike were proud of his name and fame.

While Cook was a severe disciplinarian he was no tyrant; in discipline he recognized order, system, efficiency, and carried it to a degree that would have been deemed onerous had it not been tempered with justice and regard for the well-being of every man under him. He was kind humane and generous—brave, firm, clear-headed and prompt. He was modest, unpretentious and discreet; and the work he wrought and the genius he betrayed made his countrymen regret that his youth had not been cast in more pleasant paths where education could have perfected a character essentially noble and true.

HOURLY TRIUMPHS.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Each hour of every day,
 From rise to fall of sun,
The victories that gain us Life
 Must evermore be won.

Who seeks to reach the stars
 By other way than this
Shall lose his path among the clouds,
 And Earth and Heaven miss!

Oh, warrior of the hour!
 Gird on your armor strong;
The battle may be thick with strife,
 But it will not be long!

THREE
Links in Love's Chain.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

LINK THE SECOND.

"TILL A' THE SEAS GANG DRY."

CHAPTER II.

"THESE four words, writ in a woman's hand, was what I saw:

"FOR GOD: A THANKOFFERING.

"Mates, I can't tell ye rightly what that man felt like. He were so took a-back that he didn't know hisself, scarcely.

"At first he only felt them words burnin' through and through him as if they had flashed up in his eyes. Then he felt his very bones meltin' with fear, for how come GOD's name to start up in his face like that? It looked like a miracle.

"For three years he'd cursed that name every day, and here, for the first time in three years, he sees it, coupled with a blessing!

"By-and-by, he reads the words again, him shaking as if he had the ague.

"And they looked more terrible than before.

"He knew that GOD had found him out, all black with wickedness and crime as he was, and that the day of reckoning had come at last. Ye see, mates, he used to be a goodish chap, and rayther proud of his good principles, when he knowed Mary Lee; and when he looked back to them days, and saw hisself so different, and her so like an angel, he just gave up, and laid his head down on the table and cried like a babby.

"And the savages, they thought he were gone with drink, and slunk off with themselves, and left him alone.

"And when Dare The Devil looked up and saw that he was by hisself, he fell a-tremblin', and a dreadful awe and terror seized a-hold on him. He were frightened to be alone with the banknote, with GOD on it, for it seemed to him that God was too near to him, and was lookin' hard at all the sin-stains on his poor, miserable soul. He sat tremblin' there, with the drops of sweat on his face, and his heart beatin' as if it would burst, not darin' to move, but longin' to sink through the floor, away from the angry eye that he felt was on him; he sat, and sat, till he thought he were goin' mad.

"And all the wicked things he had ever done come whirlin' before him; from the little sins of his innocent days to the black crimes of the last three years; and, as the faces of all the unfortunates he had ever killed, or seen killed, came crowdin' about him, he cried out in his fear, and groveled on the floor, beggin' for mercy from God. That didn't calm him none, for well he knowed how little he desarved God's mercy. At last, in his distraction, he thought he'd drink hisself stupid, so he could get rid of thinkin', and he flew to fill hisself a glass, when his eye fell once more onto the banknote, and was held there in spite of him.

"The bottle dropped out of his hands, his heart turned to ice, and he couldn't do nothin' but groan and shake; till, in despair, he pounces on the note, and tears it out of the albi-um, meanin' for to burn it up and never see it more.

"But even then he were stopped in the act, for he sees a piece written on the page on the place where the note was, and he reads it. It were written by the missionary's wife herself, and were a sort of explanation how she got that there note.

"She writ, that just before she and Mr. Arnot started for the Foreign Mission, he went 'round his native country for to collect funds for to help the good work; and so, in a little village where he preached, this here banknote, with the words on the back, were dropped into the offertory by a young girl, that he afterward heard was the poorest and the most unfortunate soul in the whole place. She were an orphan, and had but just lost her brother that used to work for her; and she had neither a house to live in, nor a home to go to, for her lover, he was a sailor, had played her false. And this note were all she had in the world, and lo! and behold you! here she'd give it all to GOD!

"And Mrs. Arnot writ that she were so struck by the village girl's piety, that she found her out an' asked her leave for to put that there note into her own albi-um, her puttin' the worth of it into the collection herself, just so's she'd hev it for to look at, an' encourage her to have faith in God, even at the darkest hour.

"Kind of pretty, wasn't it, boys?

"An' to think that that there blessed girl saved the soul of Dare The Devil by that there very thank-offering. Ah, boys, it were a miracle!

"An' when he'd read to the very end, he sees them onexpected words:

"'An' as long as I live will I reverence the memory of MARY LEE.' Mary Lee, boys!

"That were once his sweetheart's name, so it were!

"Well, the pirate he were struck dumb.

"He'd knocked about the world makin' a blackguard of hisself for ten years, an' never set foot in England or heard a word from his home, an' all 'cause he believed she'd married another man.

"An' here it were down in black an' white that Mary Lee were Mary Lee still, pure an' holy as he'd used to think her; an' he see her little face, lovin' an' modest, lookin' up at him in the dark cabin as it used to do with love's smile on it like a daisy turnin' up to the sun; an' he thinks—'Oh, what a fool I've been for to wreck myself an' leave her to perish all in a spurt of jealousy!

"Well, when he come to hisself a bit, the idea struck him that he mustn't dare for to go to sleep till he'd saved the missionary an' his wife. So he began to plan how he would go and save their lives, and put them ashore somewheres, and go with 'em and never be a pirate no more; and he took no little comfort out of that idea.

"By and by he had it all straight; and set to work with a will.

"First he called Jim, the cabin-boy, and told him that he were a-goin' to desart, an' offered to take him along; then he went on deck and sent the watch below, sayin' that he would take his place for awhile.

"Then Jim and him, they pitched some provisions into the boat, launched her, and rowed off like mad to find the wreck. After a pretty tough time of it, they spied her pretty nigh where they had left her.

"Lord! I think I see her, yawin' for all the world like an empty cask, and the sea runnin' in at the portholes every dip!

"She were settlin' as fast as if old Nep had a grab of the keel; and he see there weren't no time to be lost.

"He and Jim tumbled up the side, and made for the cabin; and as they opened the door, they heard a voice pipin' up as sweet and joyful as an angel's, a song about Heaven and the Lamb, and rest for weary souls, and so on.

"Oh, it were a brave sound to hear, and a brave sight to see!

"They found that blessed lady up to the waist in water, kneelin' on the floor with her poor dying husband's head propped up on one arm, and her baby cuddled up in the other, kneeling like a saint at the stake and singin' in the face of death.

"And when she saw him and Jim, says she, sorrowful like:

"'My poor souls, can't you leave us to die in peace?'

"And Dare The Devil, he says nothing, but takes the baby out of her arms as gentle! which she under tood all in a moment, and cried out right joyful:

"'Oh, didn't I know that God wouldn't forsake us!'

"Then she asked him, lookin' the while on him out of her shinin' eyes as if she were gladder for him than for herself:

"'What put it into the heart of the pirate captain for to come back to save us?'

"And he darsn't answer, for he knew it were God.

"But the ship were settlin' too fast for much palaver to be done then, and it were all that Jim and him could do to get the missionary and his lady into the boat and rowed off affore she went down.

"By that time it were dawn, and the Fury weren't so very far off but what she could sight them if she looked for them; so for a while Dare The Devil and Jim did some tall rowing, hopin' to run ashore afore they was missed off the pirate.

"When they did run ashore and went for to lift out the sick man, says he, wakin' up out of a trance:

"'Annie, have we got home at last?'

"She puts her arms about him, and says, quite low and calm:

"'My darlin',' says she, 'you'll soon be there, now; the gates is openin' already.'

"And he heaves a sigh, as though he were satisfied; and by that Dare The Devil knew they spoke of heaven, and wondered for to hear 'em.

"And says the missionary again:

"'Annie, I haven't done much for God yet. He knows why. Will you work away for Him as stout and steady as if I were still with you, until we meet aloft?'

"And she smothers her sobs and promises faithful; and Dare The Devil wonders more and more for to hear 'em talk

"For ye know, mates, a sailor's life ain't to say dedicated to the sarvice of the Almighty, and that made it all the queerer for the chap as had been sailor and pirate, too, to see them good people so full of love and good will to Him, and death so nigh.

"And the more he listened the worse he felt; (for they stopped there, right on the shore, till the missionary died), and at last his heart felt as if it would burst, and he cried out for 'em to show him how to repent and be God's servant, too.

"And that blessed woman, bendin' over her dyin' husband, with her little babby cuddled up to her neck a-cryin' for hunger, she sung the kindest, comfortablest, sweetest hymns; all about the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep; and the fountain filled with His blood; and the brave death on the cross for our sakes;—every different way ye might put it, and each way better than the last.

"But while she sung, the good man lifted himself right out of her arms, and looked up to heaven, and stretched out his arms as if he fain would fly; and with a smile, the like of which ye never saw, he says: 'Blessed Jesus!' and is dead.

"Then they laid him down, and she, and Dare The Devil, and Jim, kneeled 'round, and prayed.

"Many a time has Dare The Devil prayed since then, but never had he quite such a heartful to pour out.

"He felt glad, and sorry, and yearnin'—like all in one; he'd been so long angry at God and all He had created, and now he was so glad to get back to Him, so sorry to have offended Him so bitterly, and so eager to be forgiven.

"Well—they all got away from that place as soon as they had buried the poor gentleman; and they set out to walk to the nearest settlement.

"Dare The Devil carried the babe, and helped the lady along, and Jim carried the baggage; so Dare The Devil soon told Mrs. Arnot the yarn about the girl who had put the banknote in the collection, an' heard all she had to tell him about her, which wasn't much, but it drew them closer yet together, for all the world as if they was old friends.

"Well, they had a terrible time, and got lost, and their food gave out, and the lady she fell sick and, spite of all they could do for her, she died.

"God bless her! She were far too good for this world.

"They did all they could for the little chap, and coddled and nursed at him all they knew how, but no, it was no use. He dwindled and pined for his mammy, and broke their hearts with his cry, cry, cryin' night and day, poor, pretty little chap! and at last he, too, died.

"And by-and-by they got to Tamatane, and from that to Ceylon, and so escaped the pirates.

"There, that's my yarn, boys, an' if it's got a moral to it thank God, one and all, that none of ye are in need of it."

"Thank ye, Ned. What say ye, mates: did ye like Ned's yarn?"

"Three cheers for Steady Ned?"

"Hip—hip—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Three more for Dare The Devil!"

"Hip—hip—hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!"

"Now, boys, three times three for Mary Lee, as will soon, please God, be married to Steady Ned – once Dare The Devil;—now boys, with a will!"

"*Hurrah!* HURRAH! HURRAH!"

"*Boys!*"

"Ay, ay, Ned."

"Don't! I can't a-bear it. I don't desarve it. I've been a dreadful man. Them hands—look at 'em, comrades—hev dripped with blood. I'm not fit to sit among ye."

"Them's the hands that fought with the sharks at Java for me, an' pulled me aboard in spite of 'em."

"Them's the hands that nussed me through the yallow fever when we was becalmed in the Indian Ocean."

"Them's the hands that led me out of a drunken row at the risk of his own life an' put me straight with the captain."

"Them's the hands that hev writ many's the letter to my old mother for me as can't write a word myself."

"I think, my hearties, we may say that Steady Ned has long ago cleaned the blood from his hands by good and noble deeds."

"Bravo, Joe!"

"God bless ye, boys, you'll make me blubber yet!"

"Tip us yer flipper, Ned—a shake all round. Hurrah for the chap that knows how to repent in 'arnest!"

"There, mates, there. Thank ye all, ye've made a man of me ag'in. I'll feel the better for this, the fitter to meet my good lass, whom, please God, I'm goin' home for to marry at last. Good-night, all hands, I'll turn in."

LINK THE THIRD.

"POOR SILVER-HAIR."

I HAVE a friend in Belgravia whose quiver is so full of arrows that she frequently and plaintively declares she is like the Old Woman who lived in a shoe.

My friend says she has been a model mother; I agree with her, for had she been else the nine props of her widowhood would have been consumed in the furnace of her just indignation long ago; for of all the noisy, tricky, lawless, mischievous, never-know-when-you-have-them children, poor Mrs. Sandingham's have been quoted as the worst.

Knowing the peculiarites of those interesting little plagues, I used to keep a costume expressly for visiting Mrs. Colonel Sandingham. It was weather, fire and water-proof and impervious to such casualties as often met me from the upper landing during my running the blockade to the drawing-room, viz.: tempests of old shoes, shower-baths of ink and fireworks of burning matches.

The rude elements were ever at play in those marble halls.

But these were the dark ages of the Sandinghams.

One red-letter day I was admitted in unprecedented peace—ushered through the lofty hall unchallenged, passed under the perilous landing undrenched, and convoyed to the drawing-room door quite unharmed, save by palpitation of the heart.

No little striped legs were visible behind the bannisters; no fuzzy girl-heads with goblin grimaces; no Lilliputian top-boots; nothing dancing with derision, anywhere!

And there was a great calm.

"Are the children *all* out, William?" I asked the civil usher.

"They're all in, Miss," smiled William, opening the door.

I expected to find the enemy in ambush behind the piano and couches, but saw only my friend, luxuriously reclining among cushions, and reading "The Two Destinies."

Mrs. Sandingham welcomed me with unusual complacency I thought.

"Where are the cherubims?" was my first question.

"You may well ask!" responded she, with plaintive joy; "I feel as if I were newly married—the house is so sweetly still! She is just the right person in the right place!"

My friend is prone to ellipsis; the result of shooting her utterances between the vocal exercises of the "tuneful nine."

"Who?" asked I, losing the thread somewhat.

"The nursery-governess, my dear. Oh! such a relief! The quiet! The repose of mind!"

"You have got another governess!" In my heart I ejaculated "Poor martyr!" remembering predecessors.

"And a treasure! Such admirable command! Quite capable of subduing Regie and of toning down Violette's high spirits!"

Regie—or, more accurately speaking, *Ragie*—once set fire to the glorious frizzled poll of a governess, to the lasting destruction of that young person's chief beauty; and Violette, during an attack of high spirits, pushed another governess down-stairs backward and broke her arm.

"New brooms sweep clean!" quoted I, doubtfully.

"Oh, but she has been here a week, and I assure you the house has been like a little heaven below! To be sure, there was a battle-royal the first day—poor little fellow! Hastings, you know—so like his high-spirited papa—to think of him trying to hang himself by his belt in the shoe-closet, rather than submit! And Lucilla!—she is so dignified—locked herself into her bedroom and refused to be introduced! But I left Miss Lee to fight it out herself. I went out and spent the day with the Reveres; the wisest plan, I assure you! When I came home all was over."

"She must have a wonderful gift of command."

"Oh, extraordinary! and my children are not easily managed; they were born to rule, not to obey. Quite intuitive, too, it must be; at least, she say she never taught before. From

the country, you see; left alone in the world, and that sort of thing Unexceptionable references, however, from the clergyman at Stokington, where she comes from."

Before I departed I requested permission to visit the school-rooms and see the wonderful nursery-governess at work.

Up I went—alone—Mrs. Sandingham plaintively assuring me that the Evil One always possessed the children at sight of her—and softly turned the silver handle of the door lest I should disturb the lessons.

But everybody was too engrossed to pay the least heed to me, I found.

The governess sat with her back to me, addressing a breathless flock of children, who were resting in all attitudes about her.

Hastings, the pseudo-suicide, leaned against the table in front of her; Violette, the romp, sat on a footstool at her feet. Lucille, the haughty, knelt on the carpet, and held her hand; Regie, the tempestuous, lay on the floor, with his little round face between his hands; Vincent, the sulky, hung over the back of her chair, balanced on the other side by Retta, the insensible; Getty, the selfish, and Doty, the jealous, shared the same footstool, with their arms interlaced; and Tootsy, the insatiable, sat in her lap, with her little flaxen curls on her arm. And every eye was fastened beamingly on that face which I could not see.

And I perceived at a glance the secret of the new governess' success with those heretofore unmanageables. Little hearts are never so close that they cannot be entered; nor little heads so hard that they cannot receive impressions from a beautiful mind; and Love was the only magic wand I saw.

Since no one paid any heed to me, I stood at the door and looked at the governess. A mass of silvery white hair was coiled in great plenty round her head, and she was clothed in heavy crape. The voice was low and sweet, like that of a young girl, but the white hair spoke of years of sorrow, and perhaps of wrong.

But, insensibly, I found myself listening to the tale which seemed so entrancing to the children.

—"And Hal, being so brave and fearless, determined to go down into the mine himself, since everybody else was afraid, and to search the vaults for the poor fellows, in spite of the danger. Just think what it was for a boy like him—only sixteen—to go alone through those dreadful dark passages, all choked with the masses of salt that had fallen, through the night, expecting every moment to be crushed to pieces! But down he went in spite of everybody, and ran wherever he thought the men might be, blowing his whistle, and shouting, so that the folks at the mouth of the pit could hear him quite plainly. And at last he found them walled up behind a mountain of salt, and so weak with suffocation that they could do nothing; he set to work with his pick like a giant, they all said afterward, and pierced a passage for them, and brought them out, every soul alive! And, they say, such crying and cheering never was heard among the miners, as when the poor captives came up, one by one, like pillars of salt, out of the pit, without hair, or eyebrows, or beards, the crumbling salt had got into their flesh so. But they were all rescued—all but poor Hal."

"Was he killed?" asked the children, awe-stricken

"Not quite," responded the governess, in a sweeter voice than before, though it trembled greatly; "just as he was going to step into the bucket and be swung up, a great rock of salt fell upon him and crushed him. They got him out and sent him home, still breathing, to die, his sister hanging over him."

"Oh—oh!" Regie rolled on the carpet, with a wail of grief.

"And he was so dear and good," continued the sweet voice, "that although he was all she had in the world, she could not grudge him to God; and he made her promise to meet him in heaven—and—and—so he died—in her arms—dear—noble Hal!"

Down went the silver head upon the thin hands, and the governess sobbed aloud.

For an instant the children eyed her with consternation, and then, with a cry of sorrow, they surrounded her.

"Was he *your* brother?" cried Vincent, clasping her hand.

"Yes—yes!" sighed Miss Lee.

"Oh—oh! Gallant Hal! Poor—poor Silver-hair!" sobbed the children, and she was hidden from my view by her comforters.

My swimming eyes could suffer me to see no more, so I slipped out and took refuge in an empty room, where I could calm myself undisturbed.

But so strongly did I yearn toward poor "Silver-hair," that I found myself, an hour after, back in the school-room, sueing the ex-furies for an introduction to their favorite.

They received me amicably, and shouted my name in ninefold accents to Miss Lee, and at last I held her hand in mine, gazing at her with no common interest.

It was the sweet, sweet face of a girl in her prime—not that of a careworn woman, which confronted me!

Oh, deep, sad eyes—truly ye were "Homes of silent prayer!" Oh, pale and gentle face, how eloquently you spoke of Heaven-taught resignation!

Dear, patient Mary Lee, with your sweet, young face! how you knit yourself to me in that first silent meeting, when we stood hand-in-hand, with the tears dimming my eyes!

Yes, we became friends, and before long she told me all her poor little tale; and I found that a lost love had made her what she was.

When the London streets were gray with ice, and Santa Claus' magic name was ringing in the frosty air, I sallied forth on Christmas eve to visit Mrs. Sandingham.

My arms were full of shapeless parcels, destined to dangle from a certain Christmas tree, and to fill many little stockings; and I was beginning to wish I had taken a hack, considering the rather ticklish walking, when, within a short distance of my goal, I found myself upon a steep, icy pavement, and from creeping took to sliding—sliding down, with my load of breakables slipping from my grasp.

Regie's watch hung perilously by a string, and Tooty's china dishes chinked warningly against Doty's tin kitchen, while a French horn and Lucilla's wax doll went down-hill disastrously, *a la* Jack and Jill.

"Help me!" I gasped, to the British public at large, as I gyrated wildly along, after the manner of the Flying Dutchman.

"Heave to!" cried a ringing voice, and immediately thereafter somebody caught me by the arm and held me fast.

"Tha-anks!" muttered I, looking up into the ruddy face of a young man of seafaring aspect.

"Hold hard, Miss," said my deliverer, diving after Miss Dollie and her companion in adversity, and in a trice my precious load was gathered out of my arms.

"Now give us your flipper, Miss," said the young man, cheerily, "and I'll tow ye all right out of them nasty breakers."

"Oh, thank you!" responded I, and suffered myself to be almost carried out of the "breakers," thankful indeed that they had not broken my back, and the hearts of my little acquaintances as well.

"I am so grateful!" said I, taking root upon a grating and holding out my hands for my parcels.

"Hev ye fur to go, Miss?" asked the sailor, looking down the long, glistening hill, all seamed with frozen veins from bursting gurgoyles.

"To the house at the bottom of this street."

"Then I'll pilot ye safe into port," said my new friend, coolly stowing my valuables in his outside pockets. "Dashed if I can see any craft in petticoats scudding before a storm without lendin' my help to bring her to!"

I scanned his honest face with some interest, for these were fine words to come from a roving sailor, and I thought I could read in the deep, earnest eye and the firm mouth the traces of a hard battle with a world lying in wickedness—ay, and a battle in which right had won the day.

"I've just come home from foreign parts," said he, by and by, in an apologetic tone, as we encountered the curious gaze of Belgravia's foot passengers; "and I can't see one of my countrywomen in a fix without wishing to do her a sarvice—bless 'em all!"

"Such a feeling does credit both to head and heart," murmured I.

"Ye see, Miss," continued he, in a queer, choked voice, "I had a sweetheart once in this country, and I can't find her nowhere—and I *know* she's in trouble—and *hope* she's true to me—and so—and so—I look at every woman as if she were my poor girl! For they told her lies on me long ago, and so we parted, God forgive 'em!"

"How long have you been parted?"

"Ten years," he answered, sadly.

"Poor fellow! I hope you will find her yet!"

"If it's God's will, I'll do that!" said he, lifting his cap.

By this time we had reached Mrs. Sandingham's vestibule, and I rung the bell.

While the civil but astonished William held the door open, my friend dived into his deep pockets, and fished out my parcels.

"Here's the cargo all taut and in good order," said he. "Wouldn't I like to see the little chap as is to blow this trumpet when first he claps claws on it! Ho! ho!"

Then taking off his cap and disclosing a beautiful open brow, surmounted by crisp, black curls, he bade me good-night and bolted off in the midst of my thanks.

Down the shallow stairs like a whirlwind came poor Silver-hair, before I had well entered the hall, and seized me impetuously by the arm.

How her pale face glowed! How her soft eyes burned!

"*That voice! That voice!*"

I don't know how it was; but in a flash I comprehended all, and was back on the icy street, running like mad after the man; and I remember how the stars seemed to wink with surprise, and the people that I passed all stared at me with the same expression; and I thought I would never overtake the sailor-figure, rolling along so unconsciously.

But I caught him at last, and on the very spot where he had saved me from a fall ten minutes before.

"Avast there!" he sung out, indignantly, as I clutched him, and then recognizing me—

"By the blazes—it's the young lady again!" he ejaculated, under his breath.

"Come—come back!" gasped I, struggling for breath and composure.

"What's amiss?" asked he, beginning to ransack his pockets. "Hev I forgot any of the playthings?"

"No—not that," and I steadied my voice. "Are you Edward Morris?"

"I'm that chap, Miss!" he answered, gravely.

At that I began to cry, and to drag him back, impetuously.

"What in thunder's up?" soliloquized my companion, politely helping me over the ice.

"You had better prepare for—for something pleasant?" preluded I.

"Thank ye, kindly, Miss."

"You know to-morrow is Christmas day, and—and you remember my wish!" faltered I.

"You wished I'd find my sweetheart, Miss."

"And what if you did, *to-night?*" He stopped short on the pavement, and bent down to scan my face.

"That's queer lingo!" said he, very soberly, while his dark face grew pale.

"Is her name *Mary Lee?*" I exclaimed.

"By thunder! you've hit it!" The next minute I had him into Mrs. Sandingham's vestibule, and was pointing up into the hall, through the open door, at the governess, who stood exactly where I had left her, under the gas luster, rooted to the carpet, like a person in a dream.

And with one spring he reached her, and had snatched her to his breast, and had bent his face down upon hers, with such a cry of love, and grief, and dismay, as I shall never forget; for what with the years that had parted them, and her white hair, and her black garments, and how he had doubted her, I wonder the poor fellow's heart did not break on the spot!

Though, thank God, love is so royal, that it can "throw a halo 'round the dear one's head," even when that dear one has lost every charm but a faithful heart—and so immortal, that once kindled, it cannot die—

"For the heart that once truly loves never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look that she turned when he rose!"

They left me to describe the situation to Mrs. Sandingham, whereat she sighed, and quoted Moore on the "Dear Gazelle," but handsomely added afterward, "that what was her loss was the sailor's gain," and as one good turn deserves another, *she* delegated me to break to the juveniles that their poor Silver-hair was going to leave them for a home of her own.

At which, such a howl of woe arose, that I was fain to try what a premature display of Christmas-boxes would do to repair the ravages grief made in their affectionate little hearts; but was taught, to my confusion, that many toys can not quench love.

So, finding that tin kitchens, dolls, tea-dishes, whistles, watches, horns and drums were of no avail, I tried reasoning with them; I reminded them of the many tears their dear governess had shed over the dead and lost—tears that I told them they had often wiped away; and how lonely she must have been in spite of their uniform goodness and obedience; and how her white hair had turned so, grieving for her lost love; and how joyful had been their meeting at last; and how all that was wanting to her happiness was that they should give her up cheerfully, and try to be as good after she was gone as they had been while she was with them; and when I had reached that point, all of them, down to Tootsy, dried their tears, and heroically consigned her to the handsome mate, with a blessing and munificent offers of all their savings out of the copper bank on the mantel piece.

So she is "Poor Silver-hair" no more; but happy Mary Morris, with a home like a pretty nest, and a husband who is absolutely bewitched about her, and who declares that Windsor Castle itself would be none too good for his Mary.

When I want to get my heart expanded and filled to overflowing with loving sympathy, I join these happy people at their bright fireside, and listen to Mary's story and Edward's wonderful tale of "The Thank-offering" which his poor, lost love dedicated to God, and which God put into his hands, to change his heart. And I do not know but that I spend a pleasanter and more profitable hour at their little round tea-table, with Love the feast and Hope the adornment than I do in the grand saloons of some Belgravian mansions, being helped to Mocha out of old china, and off gold salvers, by waiters crystal-backed and white-gloved, with an oriental traveler on one side of me, and a "daughter of a hundred earls" on the other; but this I do know, that the sailor and his silver-haired wife have "laid up treasure in Heaven," and that while they sojourn here below, "God is their Sun and Shield."

THE END.

LITTLE NELL

Clasp your arms round her neck to-night,
Little Nell;
Arms so delicate, soft and white,
And yet so strong in love's strange might;
Clasp them around the kneeling form,
Fold them tenderly, close and warm,
And who can tell
But such light links may draw her back,
Away from the fearful, fatal track?
Who can tell,
Little Nell?

Press your lips to her lips of snow,
Little Nell;
Oh, baby heart, may you never know
The anguish that makes them quiver so;
But now, in her weakness and mortal pain,
Let your kisses fall like a gentle rain,
And who can tell
But your innocent love, your childish kiss,
May lure her back from the dread abyss?
Who can tell,
Little Nell?

Lay your cheek on her aching breast,
Little Nell;
To you 'tis a refuge of holy rest—
But a dying bird never drooped its crest
With a deadlier pain in its wounded heart;
Ah! love's sweet links may be torn apart,
Little Nell;
The altar may flame with gems and gold,
And splendor be bought, and peace be sold;
But is it well,
Little Nell?

Vail her face with your tresses bright,
Little Nell;
Hide that vision out of her sight—
Those deep, dark eyes, with their tender light—
Uplift your pure face, it cannot be
She will bid farewell to Heaven and thee,
Little Nell;
No, your mute lips plead with eloquent power,
And her tears fall like an April shower;
It is well,
Little Nell.

Now close your darling eyes in sleep,
Little Nell;
Bright angels o'er thee watch will keep;
At morn a ship will cleave the deep,
And one alone will be borne away,
And one will clasp thee close and pray!
Oh, little Nell,
Never, never beneath the sun,
Will you dream what you this night have done—
Done so well,
Little Nell.

The 'Middy's' Prize.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

A GREAT many years ago, (began my uncle Hatteras,) away back in twenty-something, I was one of half-a-dozen middies on board the United States frigate Almanzor. My intimate friend was Frank Egerton, a wonderful fellow, the son of a bishop, and, altogether, one of the best and one of the worst men I ever knew. He was hot-headed and impulsive, fearing neither God nor man, and familiar with all the vices in the calendar; and yet, if you can reconcile the two statements, he had in him some of the very noblest qualities. He was generous beyond all reason, exceedingly scrupulous on all points of honor, and utterly incapable of a thousand meannesses which more "proper" men, I am sure, often stoop to. And speaking of proper men, there was another officer on board, the first luff, who was quite the opposite of Frank in every particular. His name was Roach, and he is one of the heroes of my story.

We were lying at Newport, expecting to sail for Charleston, S. C., at any moment. Indeed, we were only waiting for our passengers, a Miss Erskine, daughter of some big government official, and her aunt, Mrs. St. Clair. These two ladies were going with us to Charleston, and then by packet to New Orleans. People were obliged to travel as they could in those days.

As it turned out afterward, there were two men on board who were already desperately in love with Miss Erskine, (who was, by the way, one of the most charming girls I ever saw)—and these two were Lieutenant Roach and Midshipman Egerton. Of course, we youngsters were of no particular importance on board ship, and, when the ladies came on board at last, and the voyage began, we were not brought into so intimate contact with them as we could have wished. Mr. Roach, however, was with them constantly. The captain was quite ill, so as to be confined below, and the first officer, of course, had charge of things. You can imagine how galling it was to a man of Frank's fiery temper to see a man he despised constantly by the side of the woman he loved. I should have mentioned that there had always been much ill-feeling between the two men. Mr. Roach was overbearing in his treatment of us all, and I more than once was afraid that Egerton, who would illy endure insolence from any one, would openly resent such treatment.

But, whatever might be the distinctions on board ship between lieutenants and midshipmen, Miss Blanche Erskine did not seem inclined to regard them. In a thousand ways, it soon became apparent that, while she was particularly partial to her elderly admirer, she was by do means indifferent to the handsome young middy. Of course, Mr. Roach, himself, was not among the last to discover this fact, and after that, he lost no opportunity of putting indignities upon Frank. It was impossible that a man of Frank's disposition could long endure this state of things, and I felt that sooner or later, some outburst of his would bring misfortune upon him—which, I think, was just what Mr. Roach wanted. The fourth day out showed that my fears were but too well grounded.

It was late in the afternoon—we were well down on the Jersey coast—when Egerton came below, where I was sitting at a table writing; and without noticing me, standing by his bunk, drew a dainty little note from his breast, kissed it fervently, and was deep in its contents, when Mr. Roach's gruff voice came down to us from on deck.

"Now then, where's that youngster gone to? Here you, Egerton, look alive here. Tumble up here straight away, sir. If I find you skulking again—"

Egerton had thrust the note back into his bosom at first sound of the officer's voice, and now stood looking up at him angrily.

"Well, have you finished?" he asked, haughtily, when Mr. Roach had paused quite out of breath. Then Frank went up the stairs, and I heard him saying in a voice of ill-suppressed passion:

"Look you, Mr. Roach, I've stood this as long as I'm going to. Let me advise you to speak like a gentleman in future, or speak to some one else than to me."

Again I heard the gruff tones of the lieutenant, then a loud oath from Frank and then a heavy fall. When I reached the deck, Falls, the third officer, and a couple of men were holding Frank, while Roach was being carried aft insensible, with the blood streaming down his face.

It seems he had said something which had angered Frank beyond control, and the young fellow had suddenly sprung upon him, and then in his passion had snatched a belaying pin from the rail and struck his superior to the deck. There was hardly a man there who did not heartily sympathize with Frank, but all felt that the event was a most unfortunate one, and that he would be at once ordered into irons. Mr. Roach, being taken to the captain's cabin, was found to be not seriously injured. Shortly after Mr. Egerton was sent for. He went aft with a defiant air, and a little later came back again and went straight below. I followed him and asked what was up.

"Oh, nothing, but that I've got a bit of Irish promotion," he answered, with a forced laugh. Then he sat down on his chest and deliberately cut the gilt buttons from his coat. "The fact is, Georgie, I'm ordered into the forecastle," he said, presently. "I'm a foremast hand henceforth. By heavens! he shall pay for this," and without more words he shouldered his chest and went forward, to sling his hammock before the mast.

The Almanzor lay in Charleston harbor upward of a week. During that time nothing of importance occurring, Miss Erskine and her aunt had left us immediately upon our arrival, and, it was understood, would sail for New Orleans in a few days. Mr. Roach was soon about again as well as ever, and—as ill-natured. Frank had gone about his work in his new position with a readiness and grace I found it hard to understand. I do not know that he had exchanged a word with Miss Erskine since his disgrace. It would have been useless for him to apply for leave of absence, and she had not been on board since she first left us. One night, however, when I was to go on shore in charge of a boat, Frank came to me and wished me to get him into it, which I was able to do, and I also gave him an hour's leave, on his promise to return.

We sailed again on Friday, under sealed orders, as we supposed, for Malta. Less than twenty-four hours out we picked up a boat with a man in it. He had belonged, he said, to a Charleston brig. The crew had mutinied the second day out, murdered the officers, and were going to turn pirate. He had pretended to be one of them, and had made his escape in the boat at the first opportunity. There were two lady passengers in the hands of the pirates. God only knew what fate was in store for them. The name of the brig was the Roncesvalles. As he spoke of the ladies and uttered the vessel's name, Frank Egerton, who had been standing on the edge of the crowd surrounding the stranger, started forward, and cried out hoarsely:

"*What* was the brig's name? Say it again!"

"The Roncesvalles."

Frank turned deadly pale. Then he walked straight up to the first lieutenant.

"Mr. Roach," said he, "I beg your pardon for all that has passed. Miss Erskine was on board that vessel. For the love of God let us hunt the pirate down."

Mr. Roach took the man below to the captain, and shortly after the vessel's course was altered, and it was understood we were going in search of the Roncesvalles.

And we found her at last—found her three days later, in behind the Bahamas, anchored off the Hole in the Wall just south of Abaco. And then, as luck would have it, just as we got within two miles of her the wind died out, and left us there helpless as you please.

Three boats were launched at once—we had learned from the seaman that the Roncesvalles was well armed and manned—and of these boats, I was with Mr. Roach in one, Mr. Falls commanded the second, and Frank Egerton pulled a waist oar in the third.

And so we pulled bravely away until less than half a mile separated the first boat from the brig. Then first we who were in that boat noticed a commotion on board the stranger. Then came the boom of a gun and a ball ricochetting along quite near us. But with a defiant cheer we pulled on, and nothing more took place till we were scarcely an eighth of a mile away.

"Why don't the rascals give us another shot?" cried Mr. Roach, as we still dashed on, and the words were scarcely off his lips before they gave us another shot, which, passing directly over us, went plump into the second boat, killing and wounding several men, and leaving them all in the water. We, however, paused not, but leaving it to the other boat to pick them up, on we went, and after being narrowly missed by another ball, all at once, as it were, we were alongside and clambering over the brig's rail in the face of two dozen ill-looking ruffians who confronted us with scowling mien.

Of all that took place after this I can remember very little distinctly. It was my first fight, and I felt like a man in a dream all through it. I remember how, after a long while, it seemed as if we would be overcome, till all at once we heard a cheering cry, and the third boat came up, and Frank Egerton with a wild yell sprung over the side and struck down two of our adversaries at a blow.

They were conquered at last—all wounded or dead—all but the leader, a gigantic fellow, who all at once, finding not a man beside him, slowly retreated a moment, and then quickly turning, disappeared down the hatchway. Mr. Roach and three or four men followed him and the rest of us stood there panting and exhausted. I had just put my hand in Frank's, as he made his way to me, naked to the waist, and all blackened with powder, when we heard a shriek from the open hatch, and then the men appeared, followed by Mr. Roach, his face white with terror. "Into the boats for your lives," cried he, hurrying to the side. "The villain will blow us all sky-high in another minute."

We realized at once the meaning of his words, and turned with one impulse to the rail—all but Frank Egerton, who neither hesitated nor retired. I heard one sentence as he dashed past me and leaped down the hatch. "The women," he cried. "They must still be on board." I felt at that moment that there was but one thing for me to do, and I followed him. A single glance on reaching the lower deck revealed everything. Stretched out there, at full length, either faint or dead, was the captain of the pirates, and a few feet from him, creeping stealthily along the planks, now hurrying, now halting and hesitating, was a line of fire—the train which he had managed to ignite even as he fell insensible. It was too easy to see his purpose. Only a few feet off, directly against the cabin bulkhead, was a cask of powder, and the train proceeded from that.

The situation was truly appalling, but Frank was equal to it. The fire flashed up and seemed to start all at once with new determination for the cask. Another instant and we should see the greater flash and hear the shock. I closed my eyes, expecting nothing less. But not so Egerton. He took one step forward, threw himself upon the very fire itself, and somehow, with body, and lips, and hands—I never could see quite how—he scattered and extinguished it. Then, after another hearty grip, we hurried on deck and recalled the boats already quite a distance from the brig.

We found the ladies locked up in a stateroom aft. They were very wretched and frightened, but otherwise none the worse for the capture of the brig. Miss Erskine was glad enough to see us, you may be sure, and was so overcome with gratitude and the trying circumstances, that she threw herself into Frank's arms before us all. Of course, Egerton's rank was shortly after restored; and he and Miss Erskine were married before many months passed. As for Mr. Roach, he had evidently been badly scared, but nobody blamed him much for that. He never heard the last of it, however, while on the Almanzor, and as soon as our European voyage was over, he managed to get transferred to another vessel.

Rifle and Tomahawk:

OR,

NED WYLDE, THE BOY SCOUT.

A Romance of the Sioux War.

BY "TEXAS JACK."

(J. B. OMOHONDRO.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HUNTED RENEGADE.

WHEN Hart Moline turned about so suddenly, and sped away across the prairie, he recognized in the youth on the brown Indian pony one whom he would rather have given his left arm than met—why, the sequel will show.

Seeing that the boy pressed him hard, he determined to endeavor to stop the chase by a shot at his pony. Why he did not aim at the life of his pursuer he could not tell, for he would gladly have seen him dead; but some indescribable feeling kept his rifle-muzzle down from the boy's heart.

A sure shot, he sent a bullet into the heart of the brown mustang, and down went horse and rider.

For a moment he feared he had killed the boy; but, no; he was upon his feet and away dashed Hart Moline, a grim smile upon his lips.

If the pursuing Indians killed the boy that was not his lookout. His hand had blood enough on it without staining it with that of Ned Wylde.

Urging on his splendid animal he soon placed all danger from pursuit out of the question, and then he went at a more leisurely gait.

At daybreak he halted in a timber *motte*, and, having lariated his horse to feed on the rich grass, he quickly prepared a substantial breakfast for himself, out of the contents of his haversack.

Having broken his long fast, he threw himself down to sleep, after one glance around him for any danger that might be lurking near.

Shortly after noon he awoke, greatly refreshed by his long sleep, and making a hearty meal off of the remnant of his breakfast, he was soon in the saddle, pushing rapidly on once more.

Toward evening he came upon a scene of cultivation—a rude settlement far in that border land.

With a stern, pale face he rode on, and a look of surprise crept gradually over his features, as no living being was visible to his gaze.

Riding up to a rude log-cabin he called aloud:

"Holloa! are you all asleep?"

A step resounded within; the next moment the door opened cautiously, and, apparently satisfied that there was no danger, a man stepped over the threshold and confronted Hart Moline.

It was the same one who had borne the ghastly burden the night before—the tall, haggard-faced man who had imagined he could hear the blood-drops fall upon the prairie as he rode along in the full light of the moon.

At the sight of each other both men shuddered—a ghastly scene was conjured up before their mind's eye.

"You here?"

"Yes, Hart Moline, I *am* here."

"And why? I thought you had gone to join Crook's army?"

"And so I intended, and will yet go; but Dan and myself met a scout, and that meeting changed our plans for awhile."

"Why should it?"

"Look around you, Hart Moline. When you left this place, not thirty-six hours ago, it was full of life—do you see other than you and me now?"

"No; where have they gone?" angrily demanded Moline.

"To the fort. An officer came here with a company of cavalry, and ordered the whole settlement to the fort. All left this morning; this is what the scout told us."

"What had this to do with you not joining Crook?"

"Much; I came here to meet you."

"Meet me? Are you not paid for your work of blood? Was not our agreement that you and Dan should join Crook as scouts and not come to this settlement again? You have your money and now you break faith."

"Yes, we have our money—blood-money—and we have broken our faith."

"Curses rest on you for it! Where is Dan?" and an evil look glittered in the eyes of Hart Moline, while his hand seemed involuntarily to fall upon his pistol-butt.

"Hold on, Hart Moline! Don't aim your pistol at my life. Take your hand off, I say, and I will tell you why I came here," and the man spoke with unexpected firmness.

"Be quick about it, then," impatiently replied Moline, at the same time withdrawing his hand from his revolver.

"You asked for Dan? He has gone to get a little game for supper, for the settlers left nothing to eat here. He will soon return, and you will pass the night with us; then our lines in life will divide, I hope forever, for your face recalls that to me I would not remember.

"I came here, Hart Moline, to save your life."

"*My life?*"

"Yes. Miserable man that I am—outcast from all I once held dear, I have yet some gratitude in my heart.

"Once you saved my life—ay, stained your hand in the blood of two white men to save me, when I was sore pressed by them.

"I have not forgotten that night, you see, though I was mad with drink when it all occurred.

"Perhaps it had been better had I died then over a game of cards; but I will not repine, for life is dear to us all."

"What has all this to do with why you broke faith with me, Benton?"

"It shows that I am not ungrateful, Hart—for the scout whom we met from the fort says your crime was known—that one whom you trusted in this settlement had confessed the whole plot, and soldiers were at once put on your trail."

"What! do you tell the truth?"

"I do. Thanks to your well-arranged plan, neither Dan nor myself were known to be your tools, and we are safe."

"Curses and maledictions fall on him for betraying me," shrieked, rather than spoke, Hart Moline, while his face became livid with rage.

"Now you know why I came here—that when you returned here and found the settlement deserted, you would not go to the fort and be caught like a wolf in a trap."

Instantly the wild manner of Hart Moline changed, and holding out his hand he grasped that of the man whom he called Benton, while he said in an earnest tone:

"From my heart I thank you. Forgive my unjust suspicions; but you say soldiers are on my track?"

"Yes; the commandant has sent word along the lines to take you dead or alive, and he also dispatched a couple of bands to hunt you up."

Hart Moline stood in silence for a moment, and then said in deep, sullen tones:

"Yes, I will do it. Benton, old fellow, we part now forever."

"Where do you go, Hart?"

"I go to join Sitting Bull and his warriors. Am I not a hunted man?

"Shall I pause now, after what has been done?

"Yes, I am now a renegade to my race; but to you alone I confide the secret now. If I am taken, then all will know.

"Go join Crook, Benton, you and Dan, and when you strike the mountains I will be hard on your trail. Farewell, old fellow, farewell."

With a mocking laugh Hart Moline threw himself into his saddle, drove the spurs deep into the flanks of his horse, and dashed away with a wild yell upon his lips; it sounded like the despairing cry of a lost soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOY BRAVE AT BAY.

WHEN Montana Mike found himself clinging to the small sapling, on the bare face of the cliff, and glanced below at certain death should he let go his hold, he really felt that his end had come, unless Old Solitary came quickly to his aid, for he had recognized the trapper as he rushed upon the scene, just as he and his assailants had gone over the precipice.

As he gazed downward he saw the Long Bow clinging below him, and his eyes piercing the gloom down in the gorge, he believed his huge antagonist also clinging with desperate energy to some frail barrier for life.

Above him suddenly peered the face of Old Solitary, and his words gave him cheer; but, as the trapper turned away to fasten his lasso to the tree, the little sapling gave way under the terrible strain upon it, the roots parted, and he slid down the rocky wall, clutching at the Sioux as he went by.

At the moment he gave himself up for lost, his hands grasped another bush; it checked his fall momentarily, and then again he went downward, but the force of his descent was broken, the rock slanted a little, and he came at last to where a crevice gave him full support.

Just then he glanced above him, and in the moonlight beheld the dark form of the Sioux climb over the edge of the precipice—saved by the means that had been intended for him.

"Lord have mercy upon Old Solitary, if yonder red devil catches him unawares," he exclaimed; but his anxiety for his comrade was quickly changed to a like feeling on his own account, for he beheld a body of horsemen dashing down the gorge.

Closely he hugged the cliff's base, and endeavored to make himself as small as possible.

Perhaps in the darkness and their haste they might pass him by unnoticed.

On they came, like the wind, and the next moment swept by; they were Sioux warriors, and their keen eyes had failed to detect the presence of an enemy, almost under the very feet of their horses.

Anxious to get to the aid of Old Solitary as soon as possible, Mike sprung to his feet as soon as the Sioux had dashed by, and though bruised and bleeding from his slide down the cliff, felt that he could soon make the circuit of the abrupt wall of rocks.

Perhaps the clatter of the retreating hoofs drowned the noise of others; but certain it is three mounted warriors were suddenly and unexpectedly upon him.

With a bound he was away, and dashing into the midst of some stunted cedars he endeavored to elude the Sioux.

But they had already seen him, and urged their horses on in hot pursuit, and badly shaken up as he was by his struggle with Long Bow, and by his fall, they gained rapidly upon him.

Feeling that they would overtake him, Montana Mike sought the side of the hill, where he knew they could not follow him upon horseback.

But, the Indians kept him in sight, and ever and anon sent an arrow whizzing after him, one of which wounded him in the leg.

Tearing the barb from his flesh, the hunted man ran on, cursing the ill-luck that had deprived him of his rifle; but nearer and nearer drew his pursuers.

"Now I have them! Their horses cannot cross here," and he scrambled into a deep ravine, and then out on the other side, and ran down a ridge, that he saw sloped away toward the prairie.

But, determined to capture their game, the Sioux dismounted at the ravine and ran on in chase, with a speed scarcely less than their ponies had shown over the rough ground.

Reaching the prairie edge, Mike turned along in the shadow of the hills, and seeing that his pursuers were yet some distance behind, he seemed to gain renewed courage and ran on with increased speed.

But, the long run, of half an hour, began to tell upon him; his breath came quick and short; his tongue protruded from his mouth, and the arrow-wound in his leg bled freely and weakened him.

"It is no use trying; I am gone up; but I will fight it out at yonder rock."

So saying he rushed on, and the next moment turned around a huge bowlder, to start back with a surprised, almost despairing cry.

Directly in his front, under the shadow of a cedar, was a human form; in the background was dimly seen a steed.

The next instant Montana Mike would have fired his pistol full in the face of the stranger, but a pleasant voice cried, quickly:

"Hold on, sir; I am no red-skin; but you are used up, and I'll fight this little battle for you."

Montana Mike could utter no word in reply; his half-raised arm fell to his side, and, panting like a hard-run hound, he sunk down beside the rock, his eyes upon the one whom he had so opportunely met.

Instantly the stranger sprung out to the edge of the bowlder, his rifle was raised and pointed toward the coming Indians.

It was evident that he had not been taken unawares, and that he had watched the chase since Montana Mike had turned upon the prairie from the ridge.

As he stood there in the moonlight, the fearless, determined face of Ned Wylde was revealed.

A boy in years, he had done a man's work more than once, and now, at bay, once more he was ready to face death in any shape in which it might come.

CHAPTER XV.

A "PURTY GAL'S" RUSE.

WITH intense interest Old Solitary peered over the precipice, into the gorge below, fearing that he would hear the ill tidings that his partner was dead or cruelly wounded by his fall.

So intent was he in endeavoring to pierce the gloom below, that he failed to notice several dark forms creeping upon him.

In fact, they hovered over him, and yet he lay in silent search for the coming form of the scout.

"He's a-mashed into a jelly—you bet! an' I've got to go ther trail alone.

"Wall, I uset to be allers alone, an' that's why I got my name—durned ef I don't disremember my t'other name, it's bin so long sence it war handled. Wall, ef I ain't forgot then I'm a angil, an' I guesses as how no one would take this ole sarpint for a angil.

"Wall—I'm a-goin' to fine the trail terrible lonesome like, kase I'se bin uset to comp'ny o' late years—I don't luv Injun comp'ny tho', you bet, kase Ingins is slippery cusses, you bet, an' 'tain't no use o' havin' missionary men comin' among 'em to civilate 'em, an' tarn thar sperits toward heving. Lor' bless me, they'd skulp an inemy, ef they tackled 'im in heving.

"Injun is Injun, an' yer can't make nothin' else outer 'em—great grizzlies! what in—"

It was all the old trapper had time to ejaculate, for he found himself in the grasp of a half-dozen powerful Sioux, while a blanket was thrust over his head to smother his cries.

In two minutes' time he was securely bound, gagged, and laid back in the shadow of the trees, while the Sioux lay in wait for the coming of the scout.

"Didn't I tell yer so? Ain't Injuns Injuns, an' no mistake?

"Heur I is, a pickled pale-face, sure and sartin, you bet! Now, I'se the kind o' missionary man the gov'mint oughter send out among these heathen. Powder an' bullet will civilate them, not Bibles an' singin'-books.

"Wall, I guesses I'm in fer it, an' no mistake."

So saying, the old trapper set himself to work to watch the return of the scout, whom he feared would be killed before his eyes.

He had not very long to wait before the tall form appeared above the cliff, and at once his keen eyes caught sight of the red-skins.

What followed confused Old Solitary as much as it did the Indians, for the scout seemed in a very blaze of lightning; the rattle of his rifle was incessant; his war-cries burst from his lips in defiant fury, and then he suddenly disappeared, leaving dead and dying Indians piled up under the trees.

An instant only the Indian were nonplused; and then they darted away in pursuit, leaving several of their number to look after the dead and wounded, and to take the prisoner to their village.

"Wall, ef that thar scout ain't ther devil in breetches, then I am a lyin' ole sinner.

"Durned ef he ain't a regiment by hisself, an' ef these cussed Injuns w'u'd take this cud outer my meat-trap, I'd jist laff myself to death, you bet!

"Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy! how skeert them Injuns was—an' they hain't rekivered yit, kase they trembles as tho' they had the ague fits. Now, ef Montana Mike were to put in a appearance, they'd die o' grief, you bet, an' I'd be the only mourner."

Old Solitary's soliloquy was cut short by several warriors approaching and standing him upon his feet.

Then they unbound his ankles and motioned to him to follow.

He obeyed, following one warrior, while another came behind bearing his arms and those of Montana Mike.

As though to prevent any attempt at escape, his own lasso had been taken from over the cliff and was tied around him, and each of his two guards held one end of it.

It was a long, fatiguing walk, and the daylight came, and the sun arose ere the village was reached.

Unmindful of the jeers cast upon him by squaws and children, as he entered the town, Old Solitary kept his eyes on the alert for any discovery he might be able to make, which would benefit the officers marching against the Indians.

Accustomed to live in deadly danger, he in no way considered his case hopeless, and a bright light flashed in his eyes as he beheld a form approaching.

It was the form of a maiden, of perhaps eighteen, with long, flowing, glossy hair, a superb physique, and a face more beautiful than any the trapper had before seen.

"That ar' the gal," was his mental ejaculation, and the next moment the Rose of the Rosebud confronted him.

"The Medicine Queen would see the pale-face. She would read in his eyes all that he has seen among those who march against her people; she would know if the tongue of the old pale-face is crooked," said the Rose, in an impressive voice, and none disputing her authority, she took the lasso and led the trapper away.

Several warriors would have followed, but she turned angrily on them.

"Is the Rose of the Rosebud a pappoose that she can not guard a bound pale-face?"

The rebuke was heeded, and she led the trapper across the village, while his keen eyes were counting the lodges for future use.

Down the steep pathway of the hill, upon which the village was located, she wound her way, until she came to the waterfall hitherto referred to.

Here the jeering crowd came to a halt, and the maiden led her prisoner on, until they entered the cave

"Why did the pale-face come so near the village of the red man?" she said, reproachfully, speaking in English.

"Ef I hadn't er comed heur, durned ef yer purty figger-head wouldn't 'a' bin smashed inter nuthin', gal."

"True; you saved the life of the Rose of the Rosebud. She never saw your face, but she knew you by this—it was the same that the pale-face threw around her," and the maiden pointed to the lasso, and then continued:

"Let the pale face have no fear; the Rose will not let him die."

"I hev a pard about heur, ef he ain't de'd as salt mak'rel, thet is of the same 'pinion as yerself, purty gal; but, I'm thankful ter yer, durned ef I ain't."

"Now let the pale-face return with the Rose. The Medicine Queen is asleep; her eyes do not care to look upon the pale-face now."

"I guesses not; yer don't calkilate the ole hen shall see me, nuther—I see, purty gal, this ar' a put-up job. Pull them leadin' strings o' mine an' I'll foller, you bet, an' won't kick in ther traces, nuther," and Old Solitary gave a sly wink, and after a short pause the Rose led him back the way they had come.

Taking him to the guard tepee, she left him there, saying to the warrior in charge:

"The Medicine Queen would see the pale-face when the moon is yonder; the sun dazzles her eyes."

Then, with a glance full of hope to the captive, she turned and walked away, leaving Old Solitary perfectly assured that the morrow's sun would see him a free man.

(*To be continued—commenced in No.* 348.)

DREAMLAND.

BY WM. D. HOLMES.

I sat in a sort of dreamland, where the blue waves swept away
To the purple clouds of sunset, and the portal of the day.

And I saw the lordly vessels striking for the open sea,
While the chimes of early evening o'er the waves were borne to me:

And the white-winged ships sailed onward, onward to the clouds of light,
Till they sunk away, and melted, slowly, softly, out of sight.

Thus we sail across life's ocean, striking for the golden shore,
Till we float away in cloudland, and are never heard of more.

Corsairs of History

III.—MORGAN, THE FREEBOOTER.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

IN a secluded and fertile valley of Wales there dwelt, some two hundred years ago, an opulent Welch farmer and his small family, consisting of his wife and only child, a boy.

That boy was the idol of his parents, and humored by them from his earliest years he grew up to the estate of youth overbearing, willful and reckless, until he brought sorrow upon his home by his wild freaks, and became feared and disliked in the valley where he lived.

Possessed of a fine figure, handsome face and considerable genius, he would have won many friends had he chosen a different course in life; but, as it was, his violent temper caused him to turn his hand against the village schoolteacher, whom he struck to the earth, never to rise again.

Fleeing home after his unholy act, the youth confessed to his parents what he had done, and though broken-hearted at the deed they aided him in making his escape ere the clutches of the law could be laid upon him.

That youth, whose life of crime commenced in his eighteenth year, was he that was afterward known over the whole world as the most desperate and cruel pirate, Henry Morgan.

Escaping from England in a brig, sailing to the Western continent, Morgan soon won the favor of his officers by his strict attention to duties and genial bearing, and in two years became a mate on board the vessel in which he had shipped before the mast.

Rising rapidly, at twenty-one Morgan commanded a large merchant trader among the West India Islands, and had a fair chance to become a respected citizen of the New World; but, with his crime ever before him, and the lonely mound in the Welch valley ever haunting his sleep, he became restless, and determined to gain more power, and seek more excitement than could be found upon the quarter-decks of a merchantman.

Entering port, prior to carrying his half-conceived plans into execution, Morgan met at the governor's ball a lovely maiden, the daughter of an English merchant, and between the two there sprung up a deep feeling of love, which culminated in their marriage a few weeks after, for the father was very willing to have for his daughter's husband a man whose future promised so well.

Devotedly loving his young bride, Morgan relinquished his intended plans of connecting himself with freebooters, and sailed upon another trading voyage, carrying his wife with him, and having written to his parents for the first time since his flight, to inform them of his welfare.

Had no unlooked-for accident fallen upon Morgan, from that day his life might have been honorable and praiseworthy, but hardly had his good ship started upon her voyage when she was overhauled and captured by a Spanish vessel, robbed of its treasure, and the crew, excepting Morgan and his wife, cruelly butchered.

It were better for those two had they shared the fate of the crew; for misery instead was theirs, as the young wife was given over to the lust of the cruel Spanish seamen, until she ended her own life by springing into the sea, while Morgan was put in irons and tortured nearly to death, to wring from him a confession regarding the course of an English treasure ship, that had sailed from port in company with his own vessel.

Admiring Morgan for the gallant defense he had made against their overwhelming numbers, the admiration of the Spaniards increased when they could not wring from him by torture the confession they so much desired, and the commander of the Spanish vessel offered him an officer's rank on board his own ship if he would join him.

Gladly Morgan accepted the offer, his chains were knocked off, and he donned the uniform of Spain, and well knowing the cruising-ground of richly-freighted ships he boldly proposed to turn pirate and enrich themselves.

His proposition was eagerly embraced, and in a few months the ship was loaded with a precious cargo, while the new officer, Englishman though he was, had become the idol of the crew.

Another proposal made by Morgan was gladly received by the Spaniard; it being that he should proceed to Jamaica, tell how he had been dealt with, and receive command of some richly-freighted ship, which at a certain day and place he would lead into the power of the Spaniards.

As Morgan took with him no treasure from the ship, his shipmates held no doubt of his good faith, and he was allowed to depart, with many a God speed from the Spaniards.

Morgan arrived safely, told his story, received the coveted command, and his staunch vessel set sail for the rendezvous appointed with the Spanish craft.

Not long after his arrival Morgan sighted the looked-for vessel, signals agreed upon were exchanged, and the two ships were soon alongside, when, with a yell that froze the blood of the Spaniards, Morgan and three hundred well-armed seamen boarded with a wild rush, and down went the surprised crew before the irresistible torrent poured upon them.

Morgan was cruelly avenged, for not a Spaniard lived to tell the story; but sorrowing still for his lost wife, embittered toward the whole Spanish race, and having begun to feel that in wild excitement only could he live, the Englishman determined to become a free-rover, and from that day became a pirate, leaguing himself with Mansfield, a famous West Indian corsair chief.

The brilliant exploits of Morgan, his intrepid spirit, his determined will, soon won him the second place to Mansfield, who, dying in 1688, left the command of his fleet to his lieutenant and countryman, for Mansfield was also an Englishman.

None in the fleet, among officers and men, had the hardihood to dispute the command with Morgan, and he found himself, though a young man, admiral of a most powerful band of freebooters, consisting of twelve well-armed vessels and seven hundred men.

The first grand enterprise of Morgan was the attack of Puerto del Principe, in the island of Cuba; being situated some distance from the shore, and not subjected to attacks from pirates, this city was strongly fortified, populous and exceedingly rich.

Landing upon the southern shore with his men, Morgan commenced his march for Puerto del Principe, and being met by the governor with a large force to defend the city a severe fight ensued, which resulted in victory for the pirates, and their successful capture of the city, which was sacked and many of the inhabitants put to the sword.

Porto Bello, situated upon the southern side of the Isthmus of Panama, was the next rich bait toward which the eye of Morgan was turned, and though, next to Havana, it was the strongest post of the Spanish possessions in America, the intrepid pirate chieftain surprised and captured the two strong forts, which with their defenders were blown into the air, and then marched upon the city, which for a time bravely held out, but was at length taken after a terrible conflict, by Morgan and his men scaling the wall, with the captured citizens before them as a protection against the fire of the defenders.

Thus was Porto Bello taken, and in the city the pirates remained for fifteen days, feasting, carousing and indulging in every scene of debauchery.

In this capture the freebooters obtained immense stores of rich treasure and gold, which they transported to Jamaica; but not for repose, for Morgan's lust of gold and blood was now insatiable, and he again put to sea, in a thirty-six-gun ship, after new adventures.

Gibraltar next fell beneath the attack of Morgan and his men, and the atrocities that all captives were submitted to are too horrible to relate, for the pirate chief no longer possessed one atom of mercy in his nature.

The taking of Maracaibo, and the daring escape of Morgan and his men from the forces sent to punish him, was another brilliant achievement that gave terror to the pirate's name, and added renewed, though crime-clouded, luster to his name.

Having achieved an enormous fortune by his piracies, and at the same time bitterly avenged himself upon the Spaniards who had brought such misery upon him, Morgan sailed for Jamaica, disbanded his fleet and settled down to a life of enjoyment with his ill-gotten wealth; but his restless spirit would not linger in a life of repose, in contentment, and shortly after he accepted the command of an expedition, organized under the pirate flag, to go in search of new adventures and an increase of fortune.

From St. Domingo, Tortugas, Jamaica and other places numbers flocked to serve under the command of the noted chieftain, and upon the 24th day of October, 1690, the expedition set sail, with Morgan as admiral and four able officers as vice-admirals.

The destination of this expedition was Panama, which, though a great distance from the sea, Morgan determined to capture.

First taking the fortified places upon the island of St. Catherine, and procuring guides, the intrepid chieftain started upon his march for Panama, with some fifteen hundred men.

In the execution of this bold plan, after weeks of hardships and innumerable combats, Morgan was successful, defeating the opposing army, far outnumbering his own force, under the very walls of Panama, and then taking possession of the city.

This daring act stupefied the New World, and gave to the name of Morgan greater terror and renown.

The capture of the city was followed by a general pillage and most cruel acts of barbarism toward men, women and children, the pirate leader himself setting the example in every act of crime, and proving to the world, in spite of his noble appearance and fascinations of mind and person, he was but a human monster.

Determined to establish a freebooter stronghold, Morgan, after his return from Panama, selected the island of St. Catherine, and was making preparations to fortify, when news came that the English monarch had declared peace with Spain and her subjects in America.

Upon this Morgan at once relinquished his plans, and, withdrawing from the life of a pirate, settled in Jamaica, and commenced the enjoyment of his vast wealth; which soon won for him great influence and favor, for he was appointed to several distinguished offices, which, strange to say, he held with honor to himself and justice to those beneath his rule, living in luxury and power, while his callous heart seemed untouched by a memory of his former crimes or a sad remembrance of his once happy home in the valley of Wales, where slept his parents in their graves where the crimes of their loved boy had early driven them.

MEN OF GENIUS AND AUTHORS NOTED FOR THEIR APPLICATION TO STUDY AND ECONOMY OF TIME.—"It is not accident, then, that helps a man in the world, so much as purpose and persistent industry. To the feeble, the sluggish and purposeless, the happiest accidents will avail nothing—they pass them by, seeing no meaning in them.

"Time should not be allowed to pass without yielding fruits, in the form of something learned worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some good habit strengthened.

"What a solemn and striking admonition to youth is that inscribed on the dial at All Souls, Oxford—'*Periunt et imputantur*'—The hours perish, and are laid to our charge. Time is the only little fragment of eternity that belongs to man; and, like life, it can never be recalled."

Isaac Newton wrote his "Chronology" fifteen times over before he was satisfied with it.

Edward Gibbon wrote out his "Memoir" nine times.

Sir Matthew Hale studied for many years at the rate of sixteen hours a day, and when wearied with the study of the law, he would recreate himself with philosophy, and the study of mathematics, and wrote his contemplations when in his circuits.

David Hume wrote thirteen hours a day while preparing his "History of England."

Montesquieu, speaking of one part of his writings, said to his friend: "You will read it in a few hours; but I assure you it has cost me so much labor that it has whitened my hair."

Cicero boasted that his philosophical studies had never interfered with the services he owed the public, and he only employed such hours to them as others gave to their pleasures and pastimes.

Daguesseau, one of the great chancellors of France, by carefully working up his odd bits of time, wrote a bulky and able volume in the successive intervals of waiting for dinner.

Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one musical pupil to another.

Kirke White studied Greek, went over the nouns and verbs, as he was going to and from a lawyer's office.

Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius in his carriage, while, as a physician, he rode from door to door.

Melanchthon noted down the time lost by him, that he might thereby reanimate his industry, and not lose an hour.

John Bradford used to say: "I count that hour lost in which I have done no good by my pen or tongue."

Elihu Burritt (the learned blacksmith) attributed his first success in self-improvement, not to genius, which he disclaimed, but simply to the careful employment of those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments." He mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages and twenty-two European dialects.

Henry Martyn won the honorable title, "The man who never wasted an hour."

Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works while driving from house to house to his patients in the country.

James Wall taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade of a mathematical instrument maker, at the same time that he was learning German from a Swiss dyer.

Seneca taught that time was the only thing of which it is a virtue to be courteous.

Martin Luther when asked how he had found time to translate the Bible, he said, "I did a little every day."

Dr. Benjamin Rush said that he never spent one hour in amusement for the last thirty years, and showing a note book continued, "I fill such a book once a week with observations and thoughts which occur to me, and facts collected in the rooms of my patients, all of which is preserved and used."

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PILKINS' LANDLADY.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

He sat upon the curbstone, a-tearing of his hair,
Occasionally he would groan, occasionally swear.
"My friend," said I, "in deep distress you really seem to be;
Let up a little on your grief and tell the cause to me.'

He drew a well-blown handkerchief and blew his mournful nose,
Then throwing up a sigh or two, he said, "Well, here it goes:
It's my landlady, so it is, as gives me all this pain,
And if you're not particular, I'll speak out pretty plain.

"She's crosser than her knives and forks, when first her table's set;
She's sourer than her pickles are, and always on the fret;
She's sharper than her carving-knife and like her pies reserved,
And fierier than her pepper-sauce, and quite high-strung and nerved.

"She waits upon the table but not upon a guest;
The moment that your week is up you get a quick request;
And if, whene'er your week is out, you say that you're out, too,
You get a slice of tongue, not cold, and something of a stew.

"She has her dinners always late, but breakfast is too soon;
There's nothing in her tea, perhaps, unless it is a spoon;
She's colder than her coffee is, and crusty as her pies;
She holds her head high as her terms—that's weekly on the rise!

"Her will is harder than her beds, and tougher than the steaks;
Her smile is scarcer than her tarts, and sickly as her cakes;
She's distant like her best preserves which there are but a dream,
And she dispenses with remarks just as she does with cream.

"You'd no more touch her with appeal than you could touch her hash;
The only thing she freely gives is your receipt for cash."
He sobbed. Said I, "Why don't you leave?" Said he, "You must be drunk!
Though weaker than her coffee is, *that woman holds my trunk!*"

Adrift on the Prairie:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF FOUR YOUNG NIMRODS.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAKOTA DAN," "IDAHO TOM," "HAPPY HARRY," ETC., ETC.

IV.—OFF ON A DEER-HUNT—JIM'S BAD LUCK—GEORGE'S GOOD.

WE breakfasted early. My three friends ate with avidity for their appetite's had been sharpened by their night's adventure.

The sun arose in a nimbus of transcendent glory. The shadows of night rolled back from the bosom of the lake and plain, and the new day shook out her blue robes of autumn. If the night had been dark and tempestuous, the day was one of sublime beauty. The plain stretched dreamily away into the oblivion of distance and the little lake drowsed in the mellow beams of day.

On sluggish wing the fowls rose aloft and wended their way in all directions to feed their hunger on the distant fields of yellow corn or in the shallow marshes.

After the boys had recovered from the unpleasant effects of their adventure, we shouldered our guns and set off on a hunt, each taking a different course. We had heard that there were deer in the hills north of the lake, and as Jim had an aversion to small game he bent his footsteps in that direction. He pushed rapidly across the prairie for about two miles, then, as he entered the head of the long breaks and hollows trending toward Indian creek, he observed the greatest precaution possible. As he rose upon an eminence, he advanced slowly with his gun at a trail, his keen eyes searching the hillsides and clumps of tall grass dipping downward into the valley. In this manner he proceeded onward for more than a mile. He had skirted the heads of more than a dozen draws and hollows, all of which he pronounced "capital deer covert," without encountering a sign of game. With the patience and dogged determination of an Indian warrior, however, he went on, and finally, as he gained the top of an eminence at the head of a little depression in the plain, he dropped himself in the grass as suddenly as though he had been shot.

This movement was caused by his catching the glimpse of an animal in the tall grass over on the left slope of the hollow. It was not over a hundred yards away, but owing to the rank grass Jim had been unable to make out, at first glance, what it was. But now he peered carefully from his concealment, and after studying the outlines of the animal for half a minute he had no trouble in making it out a deer, which set his heart to fluttering wildly, joyfully.

His gun was charged with buck-shot, and, drawing back both hammers, he discharged both barrels simultaneously at the animal. To his bitter disappointment a large praire wolf leaped into the air and fell dead, while from a tall clump of grass on the right slope of the hollow, and not over fifty paces from him, two beautiful deer sprung out and went lancing away over the plain.

Jim grew black and white by turns. He bit his lips to keep back the irreverent words that his anger forced upon his tongue. He took off his cap and wiped the cold perspiration from his brow.

The report of a gun over the hill in the direction the deer had gone added new fuel to his wrath, and unable to restrain his emotions longer, he swore like a pirate. He ran down to his dead wolf and drawing his knife secured its scalp upon which there was a bounty of four dollars. Thrusting the bloody trophy into his game-bag, and spurning the body of the beast with a spiteful kick, he hurried over the hill.

When he gained a point from whence he could overlook the country beyond, what his surprise to see George King leaning upon his gun regarding a beautiful doe struggling in its last throes of death.

With hasty footsteps he approached the successful young hunter, exclaiming in his blunt, gruff tone:

"You've played thunder now, haven't you? I could kill a deer, too, if somebody would rout them up and drive them up to the muzzle of my gun."

"Why, Jim, didn't you get a deer?" asked George; "didn't I hear your old magazine blow off?"

"Yes, I fired so as to drive them deer over here to you."

"Indeed? then please accept my thanks, Jeems."

The two stood and watched the animal die. Its neck had been broken by a full charge of buck-shot. It was a sleek, graceful creature, possessing a look of almost human intelligence. Its legs were as slender as a reed, and its little sharp hoofs cut smooth the grass where it lay struggling. They could see the palpitations of its heart against its glossy coat, but they were gradually growing feebler. Death was fast coming to its relief. The thin, delicate nostrils became distended. The silken whiskers on its nose quivered; its soft brown eyes became set; a convulsive quiver shot through its frame and then it became motionless in death.

Jim drew his knife across its throat to let out the blood, and after it had bled freely, he lifted the body in his strong arms, threw it across his shoulder and set off for camp, George carrying the guns.

When Bob and I reached camp, Jim, who was a scientific butcher, as well as Jack of all trades, had the deer dressed in good order.

That noon we dined off venison prepared in the most approved hunter style. It was savory and delicious, and good enough to satisfy the most fastidious taste.

On comparing notes it was found that Jim was the only one of the party scoring no points on game that day. But as the day was but half-spent, he expressed his intention of making a "big haul" that afternoon, and soon after dinner he struck out again.

The rest followed his example, and for another half a day camp was deserted.

By sunset all had returned except our big friend Kemply; but we thought nothing of this until darkness found him still absent. Then we grew uneasy. Fears that he had wandered away and been lost upon the prairie were entertained. Hoping that he might yet come in, we lit the lantern and suspended it to the top of a wagon-bow in hopes it might be the means of guiding him out of the darkness. But another hour passed, and he came not.

Suddenly George, who had been absent from camp but a few minutes, came running in, panting like a racer.

"I've found him, boys; come with me, quick!" he said. He spoke excitedly. We asked no questions, but straightway followed him. He led the way toward the cabin of the old borderman, uncle Lige.

"Hark!" he said, stopping still when a few paces from the door.

We listened and were struck by the melodious strains of a reed organ. We were surprised—yea, astonished, for of all things we had least expected to find a musical instrument in that rude cabin. We stood awhile and listened to the sweet strains as they swelled out into the night, and we thought we could recognize a strong, bass voice mingled with the melody of the instrument, and the clear, ringing tones of a girlish voice.

Our guide led us on nearer the house. The door was open and the room flooded with light. We could see nearly the whole of the interior. In the center of the room sat uncle Lige and our lost companion, engaged in "hulling" beans; while at one side, the fair Ruby presided at the organ, Jim assisting with his strong voice when able to divide his time between the music and a bowl of steaming punch that sat on the table at his side. The scene, as well as the music, was highly interesting, and we enjoyed it in silence from our position in the darkness outside.

When Ruby ceased playing, it happened to occur to Jim's mind that he might be expected at camp soon, and so he took his departure.

"If ye don't git better of yer cold," the old woman said, as he turned to leave, "come back and I'll make ye another bowl of catnip and pennyrile tea. Nothin's better fur the system than jist that very stuff. I war afraid pap would make some of you sick by that caper last night; but then it wa'n't no use for me to demonstrate with him, for he'd 'a' kicked the bottom outen the lake but what he'd 'a' got even with you—that's pap for all the world."

Ruby bid Jim good-night at the door, and with a wildly-fluttering and joyful heart, our friend danced away toward camp, whither we had preceded him but a few moments. He never knew that we had witnessed his performance at the cabin.

During the rest of the evening we could see that a coolness existed between Jim and George that amounted to envy on the part of the former, as the other counted his points on game, and jealousy on the part of George, when he caught an occasional smile, the offspring of some pleasant thought, passing over Jim's face.

A Thanksgiving Romance.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE handsome dining-room in the Mayberry mansion on Lexington avenue was all a-glitter with floods of gaslight, and the genial glow of the open grate-fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy, open fires all over the splendid mansion, before the weather became cold enough to start the steam-heating apparatus, was one of his "eccentric freaks," Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a curl of her lip and a toss of her head, and a smile, almost of contempt directed at the hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face, ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower with his handsome half-grown son for a not undesirable encumbrance.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their seven o'clock dinner, with a solemn butler and his subordinate in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son, and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger, while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little family party alone over the wine and nuts, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is *too* bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made for your Thanksgiving dinner, and to think there is not one, no, *not one*, of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named!"

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an *old-fashioned* Thanksgiving dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is an every-day occurrence—I shall *not* do it. And as to the guests on my list being "horrid" and "common," you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have a worse failing than poverty. There is not a "common," vulgar person among the ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome eyes reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views. Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing. She knew, from experience, that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision. And this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for twelve o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy on the farm. We will have roast turkey and cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, and all on the table at once. For desert, pumpkin pie, cheese and cider, and nothing more. Marguerite, my dear, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond rings almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask *me* to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing-stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of, to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds, and the Masons, and that Thyrza Green, and her lame brother, and that little dried-up old Wilmington and his granddaughter, and—"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her, gently:

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine long before he went to India; since he came home, with his son's orphan daughter, and lived in such obscurity—comfortable, although plain, for Winnie earns enough, as daily governess, to support them both, cheaply—I regard him as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend on you to help entertain our Thanksgiving guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants around to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I guess I should! *Will* we go, do you think?"

She was a fairy little thing, with pale cheeks that did not suggest delicacy of health, but indicated the purity and beauty of her ivory complexion, against which her glossy dark hair and vivid violet eyes, made charming contrast. A graceful, girlish little creature, yet with a womanly ease and dignity about her that made her very attractive, for all the plainness of her attire, and the fact that she earned her daily bread by daily toil.

The little, wizened old man looked fondly at her, over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to Thanksgiving dinner, eh, Winnie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Jo was a patch-kneed boy together with myself. Fine folk, Winnie, and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented honest labor is the grandest thing in the world, and the best discipline—but, somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me, dear."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board that cold, blue-skied Thanksgiving day, Winnie Wilmington and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected.

But, notwithstanding the fascinations of Miss Winnie's sweet face, and her low, tender voice, Ernest in nowise neglected his duties as assistant host, and piled up the big plates of the little Masons and the one little Hurd, so that it was not among the human impossibilities that the anxious parents should be summoned from their peaceful dreams that night, on home remedies for acute indigestion intent.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold *hauteur* on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face; and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire, "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty, if for only one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat in a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who—"

Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike, graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excuse the boy for admiring her."

"The boy! You seem to have forgotten your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with, and marry—even a poor, unknown girl you were Quixotic enough to invite to your table!"

"Twenty-three? So he is! And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good, virtuous girl—why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

"Gandpa!"

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something?"

She went up behind him, and leaned her hot cheek caressingly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer.

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something. I—Mr. May—we—Ernest has asked—he wants me to— Oh! grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his, He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So this is what comes of that Thanksgiving dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, *perfectly* willing, grandpa? Because I *do* love him, you know."

"And you are sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it is not *my* money *he* is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing.

"Yes, you are at least sure of *that*; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It *was* the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie, and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to only tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed, and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on *my* account. I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut beneath the heavy, frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; he and I were boys together; a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone—getting over the distance in remarkable time, and presenting his wrinkled, weatherbeaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face, and keen, troubled eyes, that, nevertheless, lighted at sight of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Wilmington did not sit down. He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him, and I want to know what you think of it?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday this time, I would say, 'God speed you in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington.' As it is—for the girl's sake, I disapprove."

"So you haven't a cent over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will wonder if I am drunk or crazy, but I'll agree to settle fifty thousand dollars on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be any use, and I'll start the boy for himself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment. Wilmington went on.

"I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands, a couple or three or four hundred thousand dollars. I was determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and learn the value of a dollar before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—*my heiress*. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried-up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you for this—may He, a thousandfold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that Thanksgiving dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable Christian gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve—eh?"

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave the Thanksgiving dinner; and when, as this Centennial Thanksgiving approaches, she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.

In a Thousand Worlds.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"COME in," he said, seeing me standing just outside the door, looking in, with curious eyes. "Come in. I would like to talk with you."

I looked at the keeper questioningly.

"He is never violent," he said; "go in, and he will tell you a story that will interest you."

So I crossed the threshold. The old man met me, holding out his hand in a grave welcome. He was probably sixty, with a worn and troubled face, and eyes that were full of restlessness. His hair was white as snow, and fell upon his shoulders in thin, straggling locks that gave him a ghostly look.

"I am glad to see you," he said. "Sit down."

He pushed the only chair the room held toward me. I sat down, and he resumed his restless, monotonous walk.

"I have got to go on to the next world, soon," he said, stopping suddenly before me. "I wonder how far it is?"

I answered that I did not know.

"I suppose I've been in a thousand worlds," he said, presently, resuming his walk.

I suppose I may have looked a little incredulous.

"Yes, in a thousand worlds," he said. "You don't understand about it, but you will when I tell you my story. I'm over five hundred years old."

He stopped before me to observe the effect of his statement upon me.

"Yes, over five hundred years old," he went on. "But I'll tell you about it. Did you ever hear of the Princess Dora?"

"I never did," I answered.

"Strange!" he said, putting his hand to his head. "I presume I have asked ten thousand people that question, in the last five hundred worlds I have been in, and not one of them have ever heard of her. She was the most beautiful woman I ever knew, and I loved her."

He went to the window, leaned his head upon his hands, and looked out for a long time.

"Yes, I loved her," he said, at last, resuming his walk. "I wish I could describe her to you. Her eyes had a wonderful power in them. It was her eyes that won me. They smiled upon me suddenly, one day, as a blue wind-flower opens when the first breeze blows out of the East, after sunrise, and I was caught fast in their spell. Oh, she was so beautiful! Her hair was like spun gold, long and soft, and it seemed to make a golden glory all about her, when she walked in her father's garden in long, sweet days of summer. Oh, I loved her so, and I was so happy!"

Again he went to the window and looked out, busy with his strange thoughts.

"Yes, I was happy, then," he said, when he took up the thread of his story again.

"For she loved me, and we were to live for each other. I believed that she was true as truth, and when she told me that she had never loved until I came to love her, I felt that I was a king in a wonderful realm. The kingdom of her heart I ruled alone.

"Oh, that brief, happy summer! It was so sweet! Now, when I think of it, I can hear her singing in the old garden, and see her with her yellow hair blowing in the wind, and I can almost forget the years between then and now. And the worlds on worlds that I have been in since. I can almost forget them, too. But my head always begins to whirl when I think of it, and it comes back so clearly. My head whirls now."

He was silent, for a little time, with his hands clasped across his brow.

Presently he began again:

"But there came a time when a shadow clouded in the sun. They told me that the Princess Dora had another lover. They said she met him secretly, in the old garden, on nights when no one was near to see them. I did not believe it. I could not. For I believed her true.

"But at last I began to doubt. I went to her and asked her if she had another lover. She turned pale. But she stood up before me, and answered 'No!' And again I believed her.

"Then they laughed at me for being weak enough to believe a woman.

"'Come with me,' Sir Richard, the cousin of Princess Dora, said to me. 'I will prove to you that she is false as the falsest.'

"And I went with him, little knowing that he was plotting revenge against me for having won the woman he loved, and against her for having turned away from his wooing in scorn and loathing.

"He took me to a shady corner in the garden, late at night. We hid and waited. By-and-by I saw her coming. And she was not alone. A man walked beside her, and his arm was around her, while his dark, handsome face bent down close to hers.

"How my heart raged within me at sight of them!

"'You see how true she is,' my companion said, and left me, with a sneer upon his evil face.

"They came nearer. I saw her lift her fair face to him. God! how beautiful she was! The sight maddened me. Then he stooped lower, and kissed her on her lips.

"I sprung toward them then, I remember, and I remember a flash of steel, a cry, and that is all for many minutes. I was mad! mad! mad!

"When next I became conscious there was a great stir in the old garden. Men were hurrying to and fro, and I was bound fast. There on the grass, in a scarlet stain, lay the man I had killed. And beside him, with a face like that of one dead, lay the Princess Dora.

"'Is *she* dead?' I asked. They told me she was not, and presently she opened her eyes. She saw me, and cried out: 'Oh, Robert!' and put out her hands as if she would come to me. Then she caught sight of that awful shape close by, and she cried out in a wild shriek that always echoes in my ears:

"'Oh, Robert, you have killed my brother!'

"It was true. I had been the dupe of a villain who had led me to believe that the brother whom she met in secret, fearing her father's displeasure if she met him openly, for he had been banished from the old home long ago, was her lover. I had believed the truest woman in the world false, and I have had my punishment for my lack of faith. Such a bitter, bitter punishment!"

There was another little interval of silence, during which the old man's face told how bitter his thoughts were.

"They tried me for murder. They condemned me to die. And the time came when they were to hang me until I was dead! dead! dead! They led me to the scaffold. They put the rope about my neck. A moment more and I would have been swinging into eternity, but the voice of the woman I loved held me back.

"'Robert!' she cried, and ran to me and clung about my neck. 'You loved me!' she cried, with her head upon my breast. 'If you have done a great crime, you have done it for my sake.'

"Then a great voice cried out to me from the uttermost part of the earth: 'You shall not die until you have visited every world in the vast universe. You shall live, and pay the penalty of a man's lack of faith in woman's truth.'

"And then they tore me from the arms of the Princess Dora, and took me to the edge of the world, and thrust me over. I fell down, down, down! I reached another world at last. I roamed about it for a year and a day. Then my head began to whirl, and I fell from that world through the awfulness of space to another. And so it has been ever since. I have been in a thousand worlds. It is almost time for me to go to the next. I can tell that, for my head always begins whirling when I am about to fall. God! how my head whirls now!"

"What a strange story," I said to the keeper. "Is there any foundation of truth in it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "He was to marry a very beautiful woman. Her cousin worked upon his jealous love, and led him to believe that she was false. Her brother, whom her father had driven away, and forbidden her to see, came back, and she met him secretly. This old man saw them together, and in a moment of jealous madness he killed him. He was tried, and found guilty, but before the day of execution came, he became insane, and his sentence was changed to imprisonment for life. After some years he was sent here, where he has been ever since."

The old man looked out upon us just then.

"I think I shall go on to the next world very soon," he said. "My head whirls so that if I come to the edge of this world I shall fall over."

TRUTH.—What we have in us of the image of God is the love of truth and justice.

Truth irritates those whom it enlightens, but does not convert.

Truth is the mother of virtue, is painted in garments as white as snow; her looks are serene, pleasant, courteous, cheerful, and yet modest. She is the pledge of all honesty, the bulwark of honor, the light and joy of human society.

Truth is truth, as God is God,
And truth the day shall win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.